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ENGLISH ELECTIONS AND HOME RULE.

BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IN WRITING for American readers mainly I feel as if I were addressing friends. Some of the most intimate friends I have ever had in life have been Americans, and these include not a few of the greatest names in American literature and politics during the last forty years.

I took an early part in trying to set right the misguided current of feeling which at first set strongly in England against the American Union in the great Civil War. Both on the ground that slavery was the institution really fought for by the South, and also on the ground of the right of the American Union to fight for its single nationality, I felt that the "North" was in the right, and that the cause of civilization was at stake in the success of the Union.

My feeling and opinion on the Irish question of Home Rule is founded on the same convictions. Irish Home Rule is—in one well-known word—"Secesh." The profession to keep unity under a common crown is insincere with all the Irish leaders, and it is inspired by ignorance among the few who are sincere in it.

Under the united constitution the crown has no power except through a parliamentary majority and an executive cabinet dependent thereupon. A united nationality cannot be maintained with one crown unsupported by one supreme parliament.

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The Gladstonian proposal is to set up in Ireland a separate parliament with a separate executive government, through which alone the powers of the crown could be exerted, except on a few enumerated subjects. Even supposing that those excepted powers could be maintained against the constant inevitable pressure to break down the walls of the limitation, they would be useless to defend the individual subjects, or citizens, of the Irish people from legislative attacks upon life, liberty, and property.

Even in the case of our large colonies the veto power of the crown over the legislation of the colonial parliaments is practically *nil*. It may delay, it may compel, reconsideration, but anything more than this would be resented, and a real veto could only be enforced at the cost of separation. The pretext that the new Irish Parliament would be only "statutory" is transparent sophistry. The abstract right of an originally imperial parliament to repeal all or any of its own enactments is a purely theoretical and visionary right. It would be practically impotent to repeal any of the acts conferring responsible government on our larger colonies. The same abstract doctrine was the doctrine on which the taxation of the New England colonies was defended by the ministers of George III., and it is even now impossible to say that their egregious folly in that policy was, in the strict sense of that word, illegal.

This pretext, therefore, is futile. In the act of creating a new parliament for Ireland we shall undoubtedly divest ourselves of all power to take back what we have once given, except, of course, at the cost of civil war, and to this alternative we should be unquestionably driven if the anticipations are fulfilled, in which I fully share. Sooner or later, such antagonisms would be developed that Great Britain would be compelled to restore and assert her national unity, and her imperial authority, by force. And this remedy was actually contemplated by some of the Gladstonian leaders when they defended the proposal of 1886. Sir William Harcourt, in his speech on that bill, frankly owned that he could not say he was confident as to the use to which the Irish leaders would put their newly acquired powers. But he pointed out, that if the worst came to the worst, we should have more than thirty millions against less than five millions, to secure a remedy. This was a threat of the use of force very thinly disguised.

Americans, therefore, may depend upon it that we feel that

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we are fighting the same battle they fought against "Secession," and against the breaking up of our national unity.

But then there is more than this behind. Our colonists carry with them all the principles and doctrines of the common law of England respecting all the rights and mutual obligations of men to each other in society. It was the same with the older colonies now constituting the American Union. The colonists were not anarchists. They kept that rich inheritance of law which was their own inheritance as much as it is our inheritance at home. Accordingly when the Union was formed, each of the colonies kept this inheritance, and guarded it by a few general clauses in the constitution; few and general as these clauses were they were enough for the purpose then—because there was no party existing which called in question the fundamental principles of all civilized society. But when the great slavery rebellion was suppressed the need was felt of strengthening the clauses by more significant additions; and now under the shield of your constitution every citizen of your Union is guaranteed against the loss of life, liberty and property, by any anarchical legislation of individual States.

It may well seem incredible to Americans when I tell them that in the Gladstonian scheme of Home Rule for Ireland no such security was given for the freedom of the individual citizen, as is thus provided in your constitution. All property and all liberty was left absolutely at the mercy of the Irish Parliament. So monstrous a proposition had never been made before by any statesman.

It is not therefore the fear of religious persecution in any direct form that has given voice to the indignation of Ulster. They fear the loss of all that makes life tolerable to free and civilized men. The majority in the new Irish Parliament are sure to be men who have avowed principles and desires which are fatal to all industrial progress or to the secure enjoyment of any property. I regard the voice of Ulster, which represents the greatest industrial centre in the whole island, as the voice also of the minority over the whole of the rest of Ireland. They dread the loss of all those securities for individual liberty and for property which is accorded under the American Constitution to all its citizens in all the States.

I understand that in the United States the charter of the old

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English sovereigns which were given in the (ten) colonies are the recognized title deeds of much property all over the country. It may have passed from hand to hand many times ; but the original title has been the fountain and the source of all security. Americans have thus secured for themselves a perfect continuity in the enjoyment of all the liberties and securities on which society reposes in England. All their later legislation has gone upon similar lines, and spoliation has been impossible. Compare this with the prospects in Ireland. Many of the Irish nationalist leaders are pure anarchists on all questions connected with property: and some of them have avowed their intention to treat as waste paper all titles to property coming from English sovereigns or parliaments. The Gladstonian scheme of Home Rule made no provision against such a danger as this. There was no grand declaration such as you have in your constitution, in favor of the sacredness of contracts, or of the sacredness of property in all its forms.

The assertion, therefore, that in their determined resistance to such a fearful revolution the people of Ulster are merely seeking to maintain an old religious "ascendancy" over their Catholic fellow citizens, is an assertion which can only be described as an infamous falsehood. I do not myself fear any direct form of religious persecution. The day for that is gone by ; but in many parts of Ireland powers of plunder would undoubtedly be given to local bodies in which priests would reign supreme over an ignorant, superstitious, and dependent population of peasants, and of anarchical fanatics who may be of any religion or of none.

Let the American people clearly understand that Mr. Gladstone proposed to invest the Irish Parliament with power far more extensive than that which your constitution gives to any State, although, as regards those States, there never has been, nor is there now, any serious danger of such powers being abused as they certainly would be in Ireland.

Let me warn Americans of another thing to be kept in mind. They must not trust the accuracy of Mr. Gladstone's assertions about the past history of Ireland. All his utterances have been, at the least, one-sided and partisan in character. Very often they have been in absolute defiance of the facts. For example, he has lately represented his scheme as one which merely proposed to restore to Ireland some limited share of the power of self-government

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which she had once enjoyed, and of which she was deprived at the Union. The fact is that Ireland never has had a Parliament with one-tenth of the enormous power he would have given under his scheme of 1886. During all the middle ages Ireland had no parliament at all, in the modern sense of the word. The body which had the name was not a parliament representing all Ireland, but merely a local council representing a small area round Dublin called "The Pale," which was an area mainly peopled by the Norman and Anglo-Saxon "Colonists." It never did represent the great mass of the Celtic people. Since the Reformation what professed to be the Irish Parliament was representative, practically, of the Protestants only; and when, in a moment of imperial weakness, Grattan wrung from England a parliament nominally independent, that parliament retained its exclusive character of a purely Protestant assembly. And even in this character its "independence" was a farce, because it had no executive, and every bill it passed, which was disapproved of by the Imperial Government, was instantly disallowed. In affairs which may be called municipal they had some power, and very badly they used it. Much of the legislation they adopted was "protectionist" to a degree which no party in the United States would promote. Bounties on corn led to the breaking up of the most valuable pastures, and to this day the exhausting effects of their foolish legislation tells upon the agricultural industry of Ireland.

I mention Mr. Gladstone's misrepresentations on the subject of Irish history merely to give a specimen of what I mean. The same tone of inflated fable about Irish history colors every speech he makes, and if it were possible to say that it represents even an approximation to the truth, it would leave us in bewilderment how he never discovered all this till he was past 75 years of age, and how he, even up to that age, denounced those Irishmen who held similar language as the excuse for their violent and revolutionary remedies. It is in vain to go back to Irish history to establish any real connection between the long miseries of the country and the English invasion, or the later English colonizations. Montalembert, the noblest representative of the French Catholic laity in our time, has recorded in his beautiful book on the "Monks of the West" the impression made upon him by his readings in Irish history. The early Celtic Church took a noble part in the missionary work of Western Christianity. But for

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that golden age of Irish history we must go back some 1,300 years. Even then the Celtic Church had incurable vices of constitution. It was as "tribal" as the Celtic clans. It joined and stimulated all their barbarous intertribal wars. The monastic bodies fought with each other, and slaughtered each other, and wasted each other's lands continually. No civilized law existed in the country, except the law of England, in the small area of the Pale. The murderous conflicts which were continuous for many centurie desolated the country and decimated the population. It is the grossest of all historical delusions that the miseries of Ireland have been due to external causes. They were due to the utter absence of civilizing institutions; and that again was due to the fact that Ireland was never conquered as England was conquered. No race superior in organization ever made itself complete master of the country. In England we are now all proud of "the Conquest." It was a great step in our progress. The poorer Irish longed to be admitted to the benefits of English law. But the Celtic chiefs and the half-Celticized Norman lords preferred their own tribal usages, because these gave them more complete power over the people.

The most striking calamity which has ever happened to any modern people was the Irish famine of 1846-7. In one sense of the word, it was the fault of nobody. That is to say, it was due to causes the result of which no man foresaw. Nevertheless, those causes were exclusively connected with habits peculiarly Irish. I mean the habit of contentment with a very low standard of life, of occupying and cultivating the ground in small patches continually more and more subdivided, and producing chiefly, almost only, a crop which turned out to be singularly precarious. Nobody foresaw that precariousness. But the precariousness of the potato did not starve thousands in England or in Scotland, because the Irish habits of occupation had long been superseded by more civilized methods of holding and cultivating land. The enormous multiplication of the population of Ireland between 1798 and 1846, an increase from four and a half millions to above eight millions, did not show any political misgovernment. Men do not thus multiply under bad government. What it did show was bad economic conditions, and these can be traced with certainty and precision to the survival in Ireland of semi-barbarous habits, which were peculiarly Irish. Yet the great calamity of

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the Irish famine is continually charged by the Irish orators upon the English government, with which it had nothing whatever to do.

What Ireland wants now is peace and the reign of law. All grievances have been removed. Such was the emphatic declaration of Mr. Gladstone himself in 1885. Nothing has happened to justify his retreat from this great confession. Parliamentary convenience, and nothing else, has led to his passionate retractions, and his appeals to ignorance in support of his new schemes.

I have written this, *currente calamo*. But I wish my American friends to understand that it is on principles well understood among them, and which they consider dear in their own constitution, that so many here are determined to resist and oppose to the uttermost the anarchical attempt to disintegrate the United Kingdom—just as they resisted the attempt to break up the United Republic in the interests of slavery and secession.

ARGYLL.

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THE SHUDDER IN LITERATURE.

BY JULES CLARETIE.

THE tragic fortune of Guy de Maupassant, one of the young masters of our literature, has drawn attention to the mysterious bonds which attach the literary creator to his creation, and the question has been asked whether the artist does not become unbalanced in choosing strange, cruel, odd, or fantastic subjects,—whether, finally, the shudder or the terror which he wishes to excite in others, does not affect him first, before moving his readers.

The question would not very directly concern M. Guy de Maupassant, who has of his own will touched only upon sane and vigorous subjects, overflowing with the sap of humanity, if in the work of the author of "Une Vie" and "Pierre et Jean" there were not to be found among other tales, such as "La Peur," a disquieting and mysterious study, "Le Horla," that morbid analysis of a psychological state, that journey after the discovery of an invisible force, of a new and redoubtable Being, the Horla; the Horla, who is to succeed man—the Horla, an immortal creature coming into the heritage of "him who dies daily."

Certainly, in re-reading this story by the poor fellow who is now shut up in the asylum of Doctor Blanche—who, intoxicated as he has ever been with the open air and the fair fields bathed in sunlight, sees nothing, feels nothing, of spring's young caresses; in studying closely this sort of strange autobiography, one finds in the "Horla" the very beginning of the delirium that has seized upon the writer. It came about at the time when he achieved this remarkable work, at the precise moment when that which science calls the period of incubation gave place to the period of restlessness. Indeed, Guy de Maupassant had even passed through two of the states, which, in this psychosis, succeed each other mathematically; incubation, restlessness, persecution, and dementia. Poor great writer, whose

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sufferings are so clearly perceived in this short tale, written like a confession, in the form of a journal :

"*May* 16.—I am decidedly ill. . . . I have constantly that frightful sensation of a threatening danger, that dread of a coming misfortune, or of approaching death.

"*May* 18.—I have just consulted my doctor. He found my pulse rapid, eye dilated, nerves vibrating, but without any alarming symptom. I am to use douches and drink bromide of potassium. . . .

"*May* 25.—I sleep . . . two or three hours . . . then a dream, no, a nightmare, seizes me. . . . Someone approaches me, looks at me, feels of me, jumps on my bed. . . . I wake in terror. . . . I light my candle. I am alone.

"*June* 2.—My condition is aggravated still more. What can be the matter with me? The bromide has no effect. . . ."

And the journal goes on thus, almost like a medical report, with a scientifically exact delineation of suffering ("A shudder seizes me, not a shivering with cold, but a strange chill of anguish"), up to the last line, when the author's hero—and one thinks then of the author himself—cries out: "I must kill myself !"

And while I am reading over this "Horla," to seek there for the trace, to find there the premonitions, of the misfortune that has overwhelmed M. de Maupassant, I cannot keep from seeing him again, revolver in hand, in the room at Cannet, trying to escape by suicide from that other Horla whose sinister approach he felt ; the mania of persecution.

Very certainly M. de Maupassant was haunted by I know not what delirious fancies, the terror and also the vertigo of death, the pang of the infinite, when he wrote that short, grim story which seems to us to-day so mournfully prophetic.

But it would not be exact to say that the artist who is in love with the Mystery of the Unknowable, who is attracted, and urged on by the Fantastic or by the Infinite, is necessarily condemned to a psychical condition like that of the author of the "Horla." Dementia is not the result of certain kinds of work any more than the taste for such researches and the habit of making them are the signs of any derangement whatever. An artist, a writer, can cross every *milieu*, treat every subject, without submitting to the influence of it, just as a general can cross the thick of the fight without being wounded.

It is nevertheless true that certain subjects are unwholesome, disquieting, perilous. The novelist, seated at his work-table, the

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dramatic writer imagining the play which is to attract and stir the public, is inevitably constrained to a sort of auto-suggestion. They must really see their characters live and act; and, what is more, they see life as their heroes see it. There can be no really engrossing creation without this fusing of created and creator. Balzac, dying, sent them to look for Dr. Bixion, the great physician of the "Comédie Humaine!" "Only Bixion can save me! If Bixion does not come, if they do not find Bixion, I am lost!" Thus was life attached to his dream.

When the matter in question, then, is to give the reader or the spectator that sensation of anguish, that "strange shudder" of which Maupassant speaks—which is not "a shiver as of cold"—how could the author avoid condemning himself to this indefinable disturbance? The sentiment that one wishes to render must first be experienced. If the *Paradox* of Diderot is often true for the actor—and that is still a debatable point—it is not so for the man of letters. The *littérateur* proceeds in the presence of his paper as Talma (who was not of Diderot's opinion) used to proceed when he wished to make an audience shudder. The tragedian practised auto-suggestion, as we should say to-day. He forced himself to imagine that all the spectators who were there before him—everyone, without an exception—had been in a sense decapitated, and that, in place of the countenance which he really saw, each bore a skull on his shoulders. Yes, a skull, with the eye-sockets empty and the jaws without gums—like the skulls that the grave-diggers in "Hamlet" tumble about with their spades. And, submitting to this ghastly illusion, forcing himself to believe that he was playing the tragedy before an assembly of skeletons, like those visions of dead monks that are to be seen at Palermo or in the Capucine galleries at Rome, Talma really experienced a profound terror; and in feeling it, shaken with a horror that had been an effort of the will, he communicated this very shudder, this terror, this impression of fear, to all that house, to all those crowds of spectators. There was, as it were, a phenomenon of repercussion, at once artistic and physiological. Talma shuddered because he really *saw* what he wished to see,—skeletons; and those false skeletons, those flesh-and-blood spectators, shuddered in their turn because they *saw*, not Talma playing Orestes, but Orestes himself, Orestes distracted, Orestes wild with fear, Orestes pursued by the Furies.

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I do not know of any example of artistic auto-suggestion more striking and more curious than that. M. Mounet-Sully is a little after the same order, and I recollect that at the dress rehearsal of "Hamlet" he was late. The stage was waiting. I sent to have him summoned by the call-boy. He returned in a moment and told me that M. Mounet-Sully could not come down from his dressing-room then because his costume was not quite ready. "What! It was finished a week ago, that costume. It was tried on and worn. It is complete and perfect." Yes, the costume was complete, but under his doublet M. Mounet-Sully wore braces, and at the last moment he had considered that he must have black ones—*mourning braces*—because *Hamlet* was dressed from head to foot in the trappings and the suits of woe. Those lower strata of costume had annoyed him. "The public would not see them, but I should see them." This was not the auto-suggestion of Talma; but the sentiment comes from the same need—the need for the artist to believe himself the character he plays, the hero he represents.

Thus writers, and writers more than other artists, incarnate themselves in the beings whom they set in motion. Gustave Flaubert believed himself a Carthaginian while he was working on "Salammbô." I once heard M. de Goncourt say, naively enough, but in sober truth, no doubt: "I'm broken up; have just written a love scene." Hoffmann, when he invented his "Contes," had before his eyes, and even under his hand—for he placed them after the fashion of little marionettes, rough models, on his desk—the droll personages which he called up from the depths of his dream.

To sum up, all that is no more than putting into practice the old, the eternal precept of Horace: "If you want me to weep, first weep yourself." Or, since we are concerned with the shudder in literature: "If you want me to shudder, begin by shuddering." I can well believe that Edgar Poe was not very calm, not laughing in "full-throated ease,"—like Alexander Dumas writing the "Mousquetaires,"—when he was summoning up the horrors of the Rue Morgue and the frightful, mathematically ferocious torment of the "Pendulum." And by what likeness of sentiments, or, rather, what community of sensations, was Charles Baudelaire—who revealed Poe to France—drawn towards the genius of the American author? Victor Hugo's saying to Baudelaire, after the

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publication of the "Fleurs du Mal," has often been quoted: "*Vous avez créé un frisson nouveau.*" It was precisely this new shudder which Charles Baudelaire found, and was delighted with, in Edgar Poe. There was in him an echo, so to say, a refraction, a repercussion, of Baudelaire's own humor.

Medicine—or at least Hysten, in his dictionary—defines *le frisson* as "an unequal and irregular trembling which precedes fever." This trembling is exactly what follows the perusal of some extraordinary tale of Poe's, of some *poésie macabre* by Baudelaire. There is I know not what artistic hysteria in the case of these remarkable men, studying with a feverish ardor "man out of tune"—to cite Baudelaire himself—"the contradiction set up between the nerves and the spirit; that strange, disturbing *something* which makes grief express itself by laughter, as death finds expression in a grin." And to this morbid derangement, which produces masterpieces among its other manifestations—as certain maladies of plants give their flowers more exquisite colors—these seekers after the shudder added the analysis of "all that element of imagination which floats about the nervous man and leads him to evil." I am still quoting from Baudelaire, and, in very truth, all that element of the imagination of which he speaks is precisely what Maupassant pursued in his brain-sick visions; it is the invisible, the infinite, the "Horla."

The imaginary floats, moreover, about humanity, like the atoms in the air it breathes. The fantastic, the *macabre*, the mystery, the shudder, surround us, constrain, master us. There is no need of being a Baudelaire to meet the disquieting, the morbid, in the daily course of life. Every man who, returning from a ball or from the play, has found himself alone on coming home, and has by chance, in his empty room, seen his own image reflected in the glass after lamp or candle is lighted, has inevitably experienced a strange sensation of disquiet if not of terror. The feeble light sends to the mirror but a discolored reflection, pale, and enveloped in that strange fluidity which the painters call *le flou*. One sees himself in this frame only under a livid and, as it were, a phantasmatic aspect. The color seems dimmer, the glance more strange. It is no longer a reflection, it would seem, that one sees. It is an apparition; and this silent spectre looks at you with a sort of silent keenness. It would not do to remain too long before that vision and in its penumbra.

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The glance at that reflection, looked at thus, in the middle of the night, has something of the attraction of an abyss. It is no longer the "Ego" who is there, immovable. It is the ghost of the "Ego," the shudder, the intangible, the invisible, the "Horla," the horrible and eternal "Horla."

And what is proved by this terror which man feels in the face of certain mysteries of his moral destiny or his bodily sufferings, of his faith or of his intellect? What is proved by that shudder which chills us sometimes as it lifted the hair of the prophet Ezekiel? That humanity, however much in love it may be with fact, with brute obvious fact, however much it may be swept along in the train of science, has always the need, the thirst for something of *the beyond*, which is sometimes the consoling utterance of eternal poetry—poetry, with all its caresses, its seduction, its enthusiasm, its pity—sometimes the sombre gulf, the black hole of madness!

All the unquiet souls, all the troubled brains of this close of the century, demand *the beyond*, seek it and summon it. One of the most remarkable of the naturalistic romancers of these latter days, M. J. K. Huysmans, wrote not long ago a book entitled "La-Bas," and in this "over there" he recounted all the mysteries of certain strange associations, groups of the unbalanced seeking "the beyond" in the dark practices of the black mass.

I know not whether the black mass has many devotees in this year of grace 1892. To be quite candid, I do not believe that it has. M. Huysmans has put into the work, I fancy, more of invention than of certified fact. But what is certain is that the mystery, the unknown, the *occult*—to use just the word—counts decidedly a large number of adepts. It is a significant movement, too, which draws so many people at the present day towards that other shudder, which I shall call the shudder of magic. The blame of it rests with materialism. After its extremes of bestiality an idealistic reaction was inevitable. This idealism merely becomes excessive in its turn, and we see the Magi born again. The French spirit is termed Chaldean, though only in exceptional instances, to be sure; and the Sar Peladar, who professes in his stories a sort of odd, magic Catholicism,—the Sar, who is one of the recent curiosities of Paris, only appears as a phenomenon and amazes with his eccentricity much more than he attracts by

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his talent, which is nevertheless real, interesting, and not to be denied.

It is none the less true that this taste for occultism has made progress. Magic has special libraries and accredited romancers; and it has just made a recruit in the person of M. Gilbert Augustin Thierry, nephew of the illustrious author of the "Recits Merovingiens." Again it is proved that humanity does not live by bread alone, and the discoveries of science do not satisfy its appetite. Mystery is still necessary, will ever be necessary to it; and this renewal of occultism is a strange symptom in a country and at a period which have produced those true magi, Pasteur and Berthelot.

Science, moreover, must share in this taste for the unreal, in this love of the shudder, just as in a conflagration one makes part of the fire. Forever will man take pleasure in being afraid, in subjecting himself to fear for its own sake. "I am afraid of nothing so much as of fear," said Montaigne. He was right. But the love of fear, the taste for the shudder, is with most men a little in the nature of coquetry with the infinite, a sort of flirtation with the greatest of terrors. The child shudders at its nurse's tales, the man at ghost-stories, the woman at narrations of serpents. It is the contribution paid to human weakness. And then we brave this wholly literary shudder, and seem to be rather heroic for having done so.

It would be inexact, when all is said, to affirm that there are *not in life strange problems, of which the solution escapes us.* Among these are telepathic transmissions, and I could cite many others. I repeat, then, that it is this *unknowable* which draws unquiet spirits, like Baudelaire, Maupassant, and so many others, and brings about the shudder in literature, and they are not all of the unbalanced order—these disturbed spirits. They are curious, no doubt, and taken with the clear-obscure of human brains—if I may so say,—but they are not diseased.

The two most disturbing tales in the French literature of these last thirty years were written by a man with a healthy, gay mind of the ordinary French type. They are "Pierrot," the account of a neuropathic actor who cuts the throat of a rival while playing a pantomime, and "Cain," which relates the fortunes of an assassin, on whose lips the atrocious, last grin of his victim appears, like a convulsion. Now, the author is Henri Rivière, the com-

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mandant Rivière, shot at Tonquin, whose beautiful head—a jesting look all the while on the face—was carried through the villages at the end of one of the pikes of the Pavillons-Noirs. Let literature, be it said in parenthesis, invent a dénouement more sinister than that, or better calculated to cause a shudder!

A writer who died young and is unknown to fame—Charles Barbara his name was—who was contemporary with Charles Baudelaire and was his friend, once wrote a novel which I regard as a masterpiece of this special sort, disturbing and at the same time attractive. It is "L'Assassinat du Pont Rouge." There again physiology is blended with adventure, for what is necessary to the seeming truth of the fantastic is that it be possible. Prosper Mérimée, in "Lokes," and in the "Venus à d'Ille," had achieved the *explicable fantastic*. The story told by Charles Barbara is that of a poor family who, having as a guest a rich man from a distant place, killed him and carried his body to the Seine, at a point near the Pont Rouge. The murderers, in possession of the stolen fortune, and being unable to spend it in Paris, exiled themselves, and took their departure for America, I think. There they meant to live happily ever after—their crime seeming to them no more than a sort of nightmare, driven away by the daylight. But suddenly remorse took shape, and incarnated itself in a child, which—ferocious circumstance!—had the features, the gestures, the very voice of the murdered, who had been dragged down there over the river banks. And grizzly enough was this *tête-a-tête* of the murderers face to face with the incarnation of their victim, which kept growing in their own son.

This new edition of the ghost of Banquo is one of the most striking examples that can be given of the shudder in literature. And with what genius and mastery did William Shakespeare manage this shudder! Hamlet and his visionary fears, Macbeth and his trembling remorse, Lady Macbeth and the spot of blood, King Lear terrified at the crazy wit of the fool, the tumult of the storm! Ah, this mystery, this unknown, this Horla, as the unhappy one called it, who wished to die in order to escape its horrors,—all who think have been tormented by it; and Charles Nodier, the most knowing of men, spoke shiveringly of Smarra to Victor Hugo, who afterwards found the shudder for himself on the island of Guernsey while he was tipping tables and asking them questions in the company of Madame Emile de Girardin.

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But in the time of the romantics like Hugo and Nodier the shudder was not born, as it is to-day, of the problems of physiology, but of the mysteries of the imagination. The "Contes Noirs" of romanticism have nothing to do with the scientifically studied hallucination of a Poe, a Maeterlinck, or an Ibsen. In the time of Charles Nodier, and of the Illyrian tales published by Mérimée under the pseudonym of Hyacinth Maylarovitch, there were only vampires, sorcerers, and bronco-laques. The thirties found them believing firmly in the vampires of the *Guzla*, in this sceptical country of France, where Voltaire had written in the previous century: "I declare (apropos of vampires) that in Paris and in London there were stock jobbers, farmers of the revenue, men of affairs, who sucked the blood of the people in broad day-light; but they were not dead, although they were rotten."

Charles Nodier collected most of the tales and legends then in fashion, in a book not to be found now,—a little book bearing title "Infernalia," which does not appear in his complete works. They are no more than old wives' tales, puerile stories of apparitions. "La Nonne Sanglante," "Esprit du Chateau d'Egmont," are as novel as any of them. I find among the number a pretty legend enough, which to-day would cause a smile rather than a shudder. It is called "The Endless Horse."

"I have always loved travelling," says Nodier; "whether on horseback or on foot I am always traversing mountains and valleys. One evening, towards dark, overcome with fatigue, I said aloud: 'If I had a horse, I should be very happy.' Scarcely had I uttered this wish when a rider appeared and said to me: 'You seem very tired, sir, and you have still three leagues to make. If you care to avail yourself of the croup of my horse, it is wholly at your service.' I hesitated. Nevertheless, necessity forced me to accept, and there I was behind the rider. We had not gone five hundred paces when a second rider presented himself. The same offer was made and accepted. Soon a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, at last a twelfth, is in line, and the horse lengthened himself out to make room for the last comer. For a long time fear held possession of me; I did not dare breathe, and was more dead than alive. But what was to become of me when I saw that the cursed creature went like lightning, and that it took a new road. Ah! heaven, cried I to myself, our Lord was in the same company in which we are, and the thirteenth was Judas!"

Thereupon the first traveller called upon the name of Jesus, and—like Mephistopheles recoiling before the sword with its handle in the shape of the cross—the other travellers disappeared, the endless horse was reduced to the ordinary dimensions, and the

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traveller, who had run the risk of being carried off to the Witches' Sabbath, found himself safe and sound in the road, at the same place where he had seen the rider appear.

What was noteworthy in these tellers of "contes noirs" is that they did not believe a word of the stories they vended. They worked, smiling, to make others shudder. They had imagination; they had not faith. After having collected so many adventures that were full of terror, Charles Nodier added, as a conclusion to his "Infernalia," these ironical lines:

"Because some stories bearing a certain character of truth have appeared in this volume, it is not necessary on that account to believe them. Ought one, indeed, to believe a person who has seen supernatural things alone? And in all the apparitions there are no witnesses whose testimony carries conviction."

There is not a great difference, again, between these romantic story-tellers and the physiological writers of to-day. These latter believe firmly in what they write because—I repeat—what they write has been scientifically proved. The fantastic, in our time, does not take refuge in Valachian tales and stories of vampires: it is nearer us. It is easily to be met at the Salpetrière, where hypnotic suggestion makes us touch with the finger of the flesh impossibilities that would have seemed montebanks' tricks to the diabolical Voltaire and the worthy Nodier.

Literature is on the border of science, draws inspiration from it, and finds in the marvels of physiology *motifs* of disquietude and fear, an unpublished shudder, in fact, to speak a little after the manner of Victor Hugo. Charles Baudelaire certainly had an influence on this particular movement. I hear him still, telling us with a grimace not to be forgotten: "I adore Wagner. [He had been one of the first to defend him in Paris.] But the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside of a window, and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating, and singularly harmonious." I do not doubt that there was an element of pose, a dandyism of ferocity, in his inventions. But, after all, Baudelaire, who died without speaking out, could be sincere. He paid for that sincerity with a part of his brain.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the author of "L'Intruse"—that invisible Death which is felt everywhere, which is divined roaming

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about the house—and of the "Aveugles," that awesome study in black (if I may use the phrase), that drama of shadow—M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian writer, seems a "Baudelaire" of another kind. There is, I think, this same inspiration in such a drama as the strange and disquieting work of Ibsen entitled "La Dame de la Mer," in which the power of the human glance takes on as much importance as even the darkness and the night in the "Aveugles" of M. Maeterlinck. But, to keep to our French literature, Charles Baudelaire left two disciples, who seek, as he sought, the shudder of modern life. These are M. Paul Verlaine and M. Maurice Rollinat, the one a sort of rural dreamer wandering among desert fields, sombre woods, and old, abandoned graveyards, the other taking over Paris from hospital bed to hospital bed his dark, archangelic spirit, and the poignant lamentations of a rheumatic Bohemian.

Maurice Rollinat is so much and so closely the disciple of Baudelaire that he has put into music the poems of his master, for M. Rollinat is musician as well as poet. He has published "Six Mélodies" after the poems of Baudelaire, and nothing is more poignant, more agonizing, than the music composed by him on the "Madrigal Triste," by the author of the "Fleurs du Mal." Music strange, enervating and mournful, the notes of which fall one by one, like hot tears, and make the hearer think of the broken harmonies of the Hungarian "Czardas."

And when M. Rollinat recites his verses or chants his music, he causes a shudder to creep over the soul of the listeners. With his thin face, sharp voice, and hair falling in tangled locks over a sombre forehead, the poet, before he has spoken, gives the impression of all that is ghastly. He was very much the fashion in Paris all winter, in the recitation of his "Neuroses." Only the other day he published a volume in which this sad note, the literary shudder, is found again in an intense and attractive guise. It is *Nature*. He especially seeks in this book the impalpable, the invisible—everything there is in things of *the beyond*. The singing of the wind is heard in it, the fantastic element, rising and falling; he sees the viper, stuffed with venom, sunning itself:

> *"Et la bête choisit un coin tiède, et s'y lave,*
> *Pour cuver son venin que le printemps renoue."*

He asks himself whether the reptile, the instrument of death, which he stumbles upon, rolling its envenomed body round an

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immense poisonous toadstool, has not a right to life just as much as the passing butterfly. He stops, and, after the burial of some poor person, gazes at the grave-digger, living alone among the rain-washed crosses. . . .

> *"Et, pelle en main, cet homme incarne le destin,*
> *Quand il s'en va combler dans la nuit; déja brune,*
> *La fosse de six pieds qui baille sous la lune."*

The inspiration of the "Fleurs du Mal" is visible.

We have there the echo of Baudelaire,—or, rather, a rustic Baudelaire, a Baudelaire of the Berrichon fields,—for M. Rollinat is of George Sand's country. He is the son of this *Malgache*, of whom there is question in the "Letters d'un Voyageur," and his poetry justly makes us think of that letter of Madame Sand's in which she describes the feeling that sometimes possesses a group of men when the autumn wind sends down the high chimney its lugubrious plaint, sounding like a human voice. And it is then that the shudder seizes on people, with that strange cry which is like the groaning of the infinite.

M. Paul Verlaine, for his part, is a more Parisian and less healthy disciple of Baudelaire than M. Rollinat. There is something of paradox in his morbid inspiration. M. Rollinat gives us the sensation of the recesses of deep woods, black and terrifying. M. Verlaine renders for us the smell of taverns, in which melancholy is tainted with absinthe, of hospitals where suffering and agony fill the folds of the white curtains with the microbes of former deaths. But—once more let it be said—both derive their information from Baudelaire, and their verses would have delighted the author of the "Femmes Damnées." They have kept the shudder of the master.

I must end. All these mournful or ghastly verses, these psycho-physiological researches, these evocations of the infinite, the intangible, the "Horla," these appeals addressed to I know not what obscure element lying at the bottom of the gulf,—are they harmful or wholesome? Is literature profiting from these *neuroses*. Is not this appetite for the unknown bad for both writer and reader? Will not the man who plays with the chimera be devoured by it, even as he who kills with the sword must perish by the sword? No, the shudder in literature does not lead of necessity to the loss of mental balance. A lesion of the brain is necessary before dementia attacks us. But, to be candid, one

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does not dabble in psychical mysteries with more impunity than one manipulates the strange chemical substances from which death can proceed on an explosion of picrate. Every mystery is attractive, like a problem, but dangerous, too, like everything that is without bottom and productive of vertigo. The abyss has its loadstone, the void its magnet. The shudder is one of those forms of literature which are subtle and yet naïve. Fear, which is a pain to children, becomes a pleasure for the *blasês*, a caress like any other caress. It has its dangers, like morphine, like absinthe, like opium. I do not know why these stupefying drugs make me think of the literature of those who are in love with the shudder.

What is certain is that darkness, half-light, mystery, anguish —which have their powerful and morbid charm—are exactly opposed to the taste, the temper of mind, the clearness which so long furnished forth the seduction of our France. I am well aware of all there is to be said for *esprit*, and all there is to be said for mystery. Mystery is profound, divine, and wit is merely a light and superficial gift. But there is poison in mystery, as in the viper of Rollinat ; and wit has wings, as has the butterfly which floats high in the sunlight.

To sum up, the poetry of night—of darkness, of phantoms—is only a form of fear,—a bad dream, as it were. I prefer to it the poetry of the broad day and the open air. The visions of the insomniac, the dreams of the sick, are not worth the clear inventions of the brain in the fulness of its waking strength. One does not necessarily fall into the abyss because one goes along the edge. No ; but one should not play with suffering any more than one should trifle with love.* It is not said to-day for the first time, "Deep calleth unto deep."

JULES CLARETIE.

* "*On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*," — title of play by Alfred de Musset.

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OUR RECENT FLOODS.

BY J. W. POWELL, LL.D., DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

DURING the past season floods have devastated many valleys in the United States. The Mississippi and most of its tributaries have poured tides of destruction over their adjacent lands. These floods extended over an area so widespread, involved so many river valleys, were poured down so many mountain sides and hill sides, and presented so many characteristics, that they cannot be succinctly and fully described within the inexorable limits of a magazine article. The destruction was equal to that of some memorable wars. In the northeastern portion of the flood invasion, on a tributary of the Alleghany at the sources of the Ohio, renowned for its quiet beauty, the moloch of fire joined with the dragon of flood in the work of destruction. In the rocks of northwestern Pennsylvania there are reservoirs of oil, stored by nature so long ago that years furnish no measure of the period intervening between that and the present time. From this store modern enterprise had gathered the oil into tanks, that the powers of fire might be used for industrial purposes,—smelting ores, driving engines, lighting cities, and warming cottage homes. But the flood came and these fossil fires stored by man in artificial reservoirs were turned loose to join with the floods in the work of destruction, so that flood and flame reveled as rival demons in the work. Thus tragedy joined hands with tragedy. The fire was but an accident of the flood, and the flood of the little Pennsylvania valley was but one of hundreds that devastated regions of country widely spread through much of the drainage basin of the Mississippi.

The amount of water which circulates through the air is immense. From year to year the total evaporation from land

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and sea, and the total precipitation from the heavens to the surface, must be equal. The total amount of evaporation, and of consequent rainfall, is not exactly known, but the approximate amount is pretty well made out. The rate of evaporation has been measured in very many places scattered over the earth, especially in Europe and the United States, There are some places in the United States where evaporation is not more than 20 inches annually, but there are other regions, as in the lower valley of the Colorado River, where it is more than eight feet. These facts well illustrate the variability of evaporation.

But more attention has been given to the measurement of rainfall than to the measurement of evaporation. Like the latter, it is variable, ranging from less than an inch to more than 50 feet annually. On the Mohave desert the rainfall is about three inches, and in various portions of the United States this increases to 10, 20, 30, 50 inches, until in the northwestern part of the State of Washington there is a rainfall of 125 inches in a single year. On the peninsula of India the rainfall varies from 74 to 255 inches annually, and at Cossyah, north of Calcutta, there is said to be an annual rainfall of 610 inches. Thus rainfall, like evaporation, varies from land to land between great extremes. In general, there is a decrease of rainfall from the equator to the poles. The following table is a fair approximation of the amount of rainfall in zones of latitude receding from the equator :

AVERAGE ANNUAL RAINFALL IN DIFFERENT LATITUDES.

Latitude.	Inches of rain.
0	100
20	80
30	60
40	40
50	30
60	20
70	10
80	5

The average rainfall for the entire surface of the earth is about four feet. The entire annual rainfall upon the earth is estimated at about 152,000 cubic miles. This is sufficient to fill Lake Erie nearly 900 times or Lake Superior 50 times. These figures give a fair idea of the amount of water which is anually carried to the clouds and discharged upon the earth, and of the energy exerted in the work by the heat of the sun.

It has been seen that the rainfall is very unequally distributed over the surface of the earth ; that some lands reap a great har-

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vest from the clouds, others a meager supply. But such inequality does not produce floods. If the rainfall were distributed equally through the days, or even through the months of the year, there would be no disastrous floods. Regular rainfall produces regular channels competent to carry away all the water. There are floods in arid lands and in humid lands alike. One of the floods last year, which made a lake in a desert, was in a region of minimum rainfall. It is the concentration of rain in brief intervals of time that brings disastrous floods. In France 31 inches of rain have been observed to fall in thirty-four hours; in Genoa, 30 inches in 24 hours; in Gibraltar, 33 inches in thirty-six hours; near Bombay, 24 inches in one night; on the Khasi in India, 150 inches have fallen in five successive days. There are on record in the United States several instances of a fall of five or six inches in two or three hours. A great rainfall may extend over a great area of country, but oftener extreme rainfalls are limited to small districts, sometimes to only a very few square miles. Thus there are great regional floods and very local floods.

Can man control these mighty powers? Man cannot hide the earth from the sun, and its powers of lifting the waters are beyond his control. By the heat of the sun and the revolution of the earth winds are set in motion, and they cannot be stayed by the puny power of man. Under these conditions the clouds gather and dance in aërial revelry and rain where they will. The energy exhibited in one shower that sweeps over a county of meadows is greater than the power of the falls of Niagara.

But rains are not solely powers of destruction; they are the fertilizers of the soil, the beneficent harbingers of harvest. Forests bourgeon in their bounty, meadows luxuriate in their gifts, orchards blossom in their balm, vineyards quaff their nectar for a transformed vintage. Thus there are rains of delight and storms of terror. Where storms prevail jungles grow, where storms fail deserts are found, and desert and jungle alike are enemies of man. So man longs for gentle and frequent rains.

It has been the dream of mankind to control the clouds. Savage men dance for rain, and beat drums, and deck altars with the plumes of birds, and smoke pipes to create mimic clouds, and make offerings of meal to the wind gods, and perform long dramatic ceremonies as they pray for rain. All savage tribes thus seek to govern the clouds with terpsichorean worship. Barbaric men

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still keep up their dancing and their singing and their ceremonies, but to them they add costly offerings—libations of wine and hecatombs of beasts and human sacrifices—thus conjoining sacrificial with terpsichorean worship. Early civilized men still perform ceremonies, still make sacrifices, but to them they add a newer form of supplication in confessions of belief in the power, goodness, and glory of the rain gods. But terpsichorean, sacrificial, and fiducial agencies fail to change the desert into the garden or to transform the flood-storm into the refreshing shower. Years of drought and famine come, and years of flood and famine come, and the climate is not changed with dance, libation, or prayer.

Now great is the name of science! In the elder day if a man would palm upon the world an elixir of life or a universal panacea he did it in the name of religion. To the skirts of religion all humbug and villainy clung. In modern times religion has shaken off these vampires, and they now cling to science. If any man has an elixir or a panacea or any other monstrous humbug he clings to the garments of science, and claims to have discovered some great scientific principle. For it must be scientific or it is nothing.

It is a glorious sight to see a man in the possession of an idea, for the great idea exalts the man; but it is a sorry sight to see an idea in the possession of a man. Some ideas are like devil-fish, they wind themselves about their victims, who writhe in agony and exclaim: "How great is this idea, it is science itself!" Now and then in modern civilization some man in the gripe of an idea howls about the scientific principle which he has discovered. Among the ailments of life rheumatism and fits are the ills over which he most often claims control, and among the powers of nature earthquakes and storms are the ones over which he most often claims control. The man in the possession of the earthquake fiend we have all known, and the man in the possession of the storm-devil idea is not uncommon. There are those who would control the rains and change the climate by boring artesian wells; there are those who would control the clouds by planting trees and preserving forests; there are those who would change the climate by building railroads, and there are those who would control the rains by bombarding the heavens with popgun balloons. When you meet with one of these men you may always know that a devil-fish has

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seized him. Such errors often have a subtle power over the mind by reason of the modicum of truth which they contain.

There are districts in various parts of the world where artesian fountains may be found whose waters are a blessing to mankind, furnishing needed supplies for men and animals and sometimes for power. In arid lands they are especially beneficent, where they can be used for cultivating gardens, vineyards, and orchards. Wherever they are found they prove to be of great value. But when it is claimed, as it has been again and again, that such waters can be brought to the surface and used in irrigation and evaporated to the heavens, and that the moisture will change the climate, there is a singular misapprehension of quantitative relations. How many artesian wells would it require to furnish the water for a monthly rain? and who could prevent waters furnished to the atmosphere in this manner from drifting away with the air currents to lands where rains are not needed?

Every man loves to see trees scattered over the landscape for their beauty and for their usefulness, and there is no sadder sight than that presented by the destruction of forests by fire or wanton axemen. When the slopes of plains, hills, and mountains are denuded of forests, especially by fire, they are attacked by rains and channeled by the streams, and the fertile soils are swept away until desolation prevails. The forests annually destroyed by fire in the United States are of great extent, and values by the million are thus transformed into smoke. The planting of trees and the protection of forests are ends worthy to be attained, yet men go wild with their theories and claim that they can change climates thereby. Some minute effects on evaporation and precipitation may be possible, but such effects compared with the great powers of nature in producing rain are too insignificant to be worthy of consideration.

It is possible that when the atmosphere is charged with moisture mechanical agencies could be devised by which some small portion of the rainfall could be precipitated—a few drops over a bit of land; but making noises overhead does not bring the water up from the sea; it does not fill the dry air with moisture; and it cannot discharge from a saturated body of air such a quantity of moisture as would be of any value to thirsty fields. Before science can do anything of value to man in the control of winds and storms it must learn to control powers of a magni-

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tude almost beyond human imagination. Yet here something can be done of value to the mariner and the agriculturist. Scientific men are investigating the laws of meteorology, and have already discovered much of value, so that it has become possible, and more and more practicable, to foretell meteorological conditions, and by wise prevision to avert calamity.

Can anything be done to prevent floods or to ameliorate them, or is human endeavor restricted to the work of predicting impending disaster and fleeing from it? The subject is worthy of a little further consideration.

The rain which falls upon the land so irregularly is in part evaporated and in part flows to the sea by rivers. The percentage of river-flow is quite variable in different countries. In the arid portion of the United States there are hundreds of creeks and small rivers whose waters roll out into desert sands where they are evaporated. In this region of country very little of the rainfall is carried to the sea. The great rivers are few, and the few are very small when compared with the areas drained. While thus there are extended districts from which no water runs to the sea, there are others where the river-flow is a large percentage of the rainfall.

The following table shows the proportion which the discharge bears to rainfall in several basins in the United States:

Connecticut River	63	per cent.
Croton River, N. Y.	51	" "
Sudbury River, Mass.	48	" "
All rivers of Maine, average	40	" "
Entire Mississippi, excluding Red River	25	" "
Ohio River	24	" "
Upper Mississippi	24	" "
Missouri River	15	" "
Arkansas River	15	" "
Red River, Louisiana	20	" "

From the above facts it will be seen that it is not necessary to control all the rainfall of a basin in order to control the floods of its river. Again, the river will normally take care of the greater part of its discharge. The channel itself is adequate to the task of carrying away the water of any ordinary rain. Every destructive flood is caused by the comparatively small excess of a storm which is of unusual magnitude. Thus while the quantity of water which appears in any great flood is vast, yet that which brings destruction is only the excess over the carrying capacity of the channel. The destructive waters, therefore, are but a very small percentage of the rainfall, and but a small percentage of

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the river-flow. The quantities of water to be controlled and the powers to be mastered are so nearly within the conditions where human effort may be available that hydraulic engineers and geologists have again and again considered this problem, not without hope of its solution.

Let us see what the problem is, how it varies from region to region, and to what extent it is affected by the operations of man. The rivers of the earth may be divided into two classes, namely, flood-plain rivers and cañon rivers. In flood-plain rivers under conditions of great precipitation the waters rise above the channel banks to overflow the plain which descends seaward or towards the mouth of the river. In cañon streams the channels are cut so deep that the highest flood never reaches the brink of the cañon walls. There are many rivers which are flood-plain streams along parts of their courses and cañon streams along other parts of their courses. In cañon channels it is evident that human habitations and property are safe when above the flood-line, and this flood-line is always easily discernible, so that little excuse is found for those who suffer from floods under such conditions. But a great majority of rivers are flood-plain streams, and here the conditions of safety are not so readily discovered. A great river ramifies into small rivers and these ramify into creeks, and the creeks into brooks. Along the course of such a tree-of-rivers all those parts which are not cañon-reaches have flood-plains,—that is, comparatively level stretches, back from the river, on either side to the foot of the hills.

This flood-plain receives the excessive waters when the river overflows its banks, and the sediment carried by the river is deposited over the plain. This deposit makes the soil rich, and the most fertile lands of the world are along flood-plains. The whole extent of the flood-plains of any reach of a river is not usually conspicuous to the untrained eye. The lower portions are readily recognized as such by all, but the higher portions, which are submerged only by the great floods that come perhaps many years apart, are usually unrecognized by non-experts; but they are easily discovered by trained geologists, for the deposited strata are clearly differentiated from the hill strata on either side. In a great river, with its tributaries, it will be noticed that above the point where the streams are small the channels of the rivers descend abruptly, and the flood-plains on either side also descend down

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stream at a comparatively high rate. But as the river grows larger the channel and the flood-plain have less declivity, until when near the sea they have but a low slope. In the small streams at the headwaters of the Ohio and in other tributaries of the Mississippi the declivities may be many feet to the mile, but the Mississippi River itself and its flood-plain on either side from the Ohio to the Gulf have a descent which is not greater than four inches to the mile. These low declivities near the sea are usually called delta plains. But the torrential plains above are not clearly demarcated from the delta plains below, torrent-stretch merging into delta-stretch; yet these two portions of any great river present very different problems.

In the torrential portion of the river's course the flood-plain is narrow; in the delta portion the flood-plain is wide. In the torrential portion the stream may be cutting its channel deeper from year to year, but in the delta portion the river can never cut its channel deeper, or, as the geologist says, corrade vertically. Wherever there is a flood-plain along the river the stream cuts its banks, or corrades laterally, in the language of the geologist. In torrential regions corrasion is thus both vertical and lateral, but in delta regions corrasion is wholly lateral. These conditions of corrasion present widely differentiated problems to the engineer. By lateral corrasion a flood-plain stream changes its course, wandering over the plain by cutting banks on one side and building banks on the other. So a river meanders back and forth through its valley as the years go on, changing its site. Where the river runs to-day a bank will be built to-morrow, and where a bank stands to-day a river channel will be cut to-morrow. In a state of nature this squirming of the river is comparatively slow, but on the first settlement of a country it is greatly accelerated. The cause may be indicated as follows: The clearing of the forests, the plowing of the fields, the opening of roads, and various other operations performed by man, greatly stimulate the wash. Detritus added to a stream in this manner chokes it, and bars and low dams are formed by the additional mud and sand. The river thus checked turns against its banks and cuts them, now on this side, now on that. The cutting of the bank loads it with more material, again to choke some reach below, and this cutting and choking of the stream and turning it from its course is repeated again and again as it makes its way to the sea.

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Now as flood-plain streams are choked in this manner floods ar increased, for the water is thus sooner turned from its channel. Again, as the currents of the stream are increased, the curves of the stream are multiplied, the course of the river is lengthened, and the declivity of the channel diminished ; and so destructive floods are still further multiplied.

A time arrives when this growth in floods caused by human operations comes to an end. The new channels cut by men are lined with willows, grasses, and various other plants, and cease to wash. By higher cultivation the fields are not left exposed to destruction by rains, rills, and brooks ; and gradually man learns to clear the river channels from obstructions. In a high state of cultivation and civilization it is probable that river channels carry away the waters of floods quite as rapidly as, perhaps often more successfully than, in a state of nature.

There has grown up in this country another agency which is ultimately to affect the regimen of rivers. Its effect is already to be observed in the arid region. This comes from the utilization of waters for irrigation. It may be expected that in the near future all of the rivers of the arid region—about two-fifths of the entire area of the United States—will be controlled for purposes of irrigation ; all the flood waters will be caught and stored, and all that vast empire will be free from the threatening terrors of flood. This will not happen through any immense engineering works devised to control the rivers themselves, but it will come by controlling in detail the smaller streams that unite to make the rivers. The Missouri River and most of its tributaries on the western side will ultimately all be used for irrigation, and much relief from floods will result therefrom, to be felt even in the lower valley of the Mississippi.

Of the three great rivers that unite to form the Mississippi, namely, the Ohio, the upper Mississippi, and the Missouri, the Missouri is much the longest, but it carries a small volume of water compared with the others, so that the control of the Missouri will not so greatly affect the volume of water in the lower Mississippi. On the other hand, the Missouri supplies about nine-tenths of the detritus to the lower Mississippi, and furnishes the obstructions that choke it. Ultimately irrigation will do much to correct this flow. Irrigation is not confined to arid regions. Of late years, especially in Europe, its chief growth is in humid

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regions. Mineral and other artificial fertilizers are not inexhaustible. The water which flows from the hills above is inexhaustible, and far more valuable for fertilizing purposes than any other stimulant that man has devised. For this reason it may be expected that irrigation will be practised all over the United States. The valley of the Mississippi and the multitudinous valleys of the Appalachian Mountains and the Atlantic coast are well adapted to this enterprise, and soon we shall see every farmer carrying a little stream of water upon his land, and thereby greatly multiplying the products of the soil. All this will aid in the amelioration of floods.

There is still another agency by the aid of which good agriculture produces advantageous results. Deep cultivation and underdraining create a reservoir for water wherever it is practiced. By properly cultivating the lands, so that they will not be washed away by rains and rills, and by underdraining, so that reservoirs of water will be produced wherever fields are found, and by the use of the smaller streams in irrigation, some lands will be entirely relieved of floods, other lands will have their floods diminished, and in all cases some relief will result. But all of these agencies combined will not entirely protect the world from floods ; so the engineering problems remain.

Practically three methods of protection from floods have been advocated by engineers and geologists. One is to store the surplus waters in great artificial lakes. This plan was ably advocated for the Ohio River by Ellet, the engineer who built the rams on the Mississippi River, in an elaborate publication of the Smithsonian Institution. A second method which has been advocated is to shorten the courses of rivers by straightening their channels and opening shorter outlets to the sea. A third method is the one generally adopted ; that is, the protection of flood-plains by embankments. All of these methods are expensive, and require vast engineering plans and years of heavy labor. In general, engineers seem to prefer the embankment system ; perhaps geologists are more generally inclined to the reservoir system. The merits of these several systems cannot here be discussed ; a volume would be necessary for their elucidation.

Meanwhile, is there no hope of relief from floods ? I think that a practical word of advice can be given. In the first place, the signal system of the Weather Bureau of the government

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can be developed in this direction to great advantage, so that people will be more thoroughly warned of coming floods. In the second place, on the torrential streams the flood-plains should be avoided—no town, no house, no barn should ever be built upon a flood-plain. The valleys are narrow, the hills are near by, and the dangerous lands can be easily pointed out by geologists. It would be vain to say that these torrential plains should not be cultivated, for they have the best soils, but they are ever subject to inundation and can be cultivated by man only on the condition that he will pay a tax every five, ten, or fifty years in the form of a destroyed crop. Yet the lands are superior and this tax can be paid. But it is almost criminal to subject homes to the terrors of flood, and it is a wholly unnecessary risk to barns, granaries, flocks, and herds. To build towns on torrential flood-plains in face of all the warnings which history has given is a folly. Every flood-plain must some time be inundated, and every house built upon a flood-plain must some time be swept away. Years may pass without a flood, but it comes at last.

On delta flood-plains, like that of the great valley of the Mississippi, other problems are presented. This one valley is an empire in area. Its soils are sources of incalculable wealth and men will cultivate them. The belt of plain is wide and it cannot be reached from the hills. But there are elevations in the midst of the plain that can be utilized as safe sites for homes, and artificial embankments can often be made to serve a good purpose.

The great problem remains. The whole subject of rains, rivers, floods, and flood-plains demands further investigation. The first need is for accurate topographic maps; the second need is for geological surveys by which flood-plains are outlined; the third need is for hydraulic surveys by which the rivers are gauged and the powers to be controlled are discovered. As the facts come to light American genius will solve the problem.

J. W. POWELL.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A STRATEGIST.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

II.

WEBSTER'S dictionary defines strategy as "The science of military command." It is not a severe strain on this definition, in dealing with Lincoln as a strategist, and regarding him as Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of the Union, to review his selections for the higher commands in the field. In those he was by no means uniformly happy, and this for several reasons. He was not himself a soldier; he found little guidance in antecedents; in some instances personal predilections swayed him unconsciously; in others political influences had effect; in yet others the voice of the public had to be listened to. Had not Porter injured his career by becoming the friend of McClellan, his skill and tenacity, so finely illustrated at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill, on the retreat to the James, and at Malvern Hill, must have raised him to high command. But for the popular prejudice against him, resulting from the opening reverse of Bull Run, for which he was not in the least to blame, and but for the undeserved calumnies of which he was the victim at the disastrous close of Pope's campaign, McDowell might well have been chosen by the President for the ultimate command of the Army of the Potomac. The selection of Burnside was exceptionally unfortunate. Throughout the war he was honest but incapable, and his "manly" assumption of the responsibility for the disaster of Fredericksburg was poor solace to the nation for the ghastly slaughter of its finest soldiery. Hooker's faults, to be noticed later, were almost virtues when compared with Burnside's incom-

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petence. The shiningly successful leaders of the Civil War on the Northern side, the men whose names will go down to the ages in connection with it—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas—made themselves what they became, rather than were selected in virtue of insight manifested by the President.

Nevertheless, it is strictly true that Lincoln in choosing his commanders, as in every other phase of his career as President, lived for the Union, endured for it, ignored himself for it, humiliated himself for it, and crowned his heroic devotion by dying for it. With him all was as nothing that did not work toward the preservation of the Union. "My paramount object in this struggle," were his memorable words to Horace Greeley, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery." It was with a single eye to that paramount object that he selected his army commanders. irrespectively of their acceptability or the reverse, their devotion or the reverse, to himself.

McClellan was at once his greatest discovery and his greatest mistake. He became enraptured with the skill and genius in organization, which this bright young selection of his displayed. So imbued was he with the belief that in him he had found his heaven-born general that he allowed McClellan to obtain a certain dominance over him. In the previous article were outlined his struggles in the shackles of that dominance, which eventuated in McClellan's triumphal expedition to the lower Chesapeake. Doubts as to the "young Napoleon's" ardor for the fray were probably already in the President's mind when McClellan declined the attempt to oust Johnston from Manassas. His clamor for reinforcements, and for guns for service in the siege of Yorktown could not have dispelled that suspicion, and it must have been intensified by the delay at Williamsburg and the extreme leisure of the subsequent advance to the Chickahominy. He must have realized that Fair Oaks was not McClellan's battle, but Johnston's, since the former, three days before it, had expressed his belief that the latter was "too able" to adventure the offensive. The disillusionment must have been about completed when McClellan stated that he "was quietly closing in upon the enemy preparatory to the last struggle," and when nothing came of those leisurely preparations. How fully at length the President had found out his man stands revealed, when he was in the midst of his exertions to thwart Jackson's raid down the Valley of the Potomac, in his

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curt injunction to McClellan to "attack Richmond or give up the job."

After McClellan's disastrous retreat to the James, after his exhibition of insubordination in his despatch from Savage Station, and above all on the clear evidence from the the past, that, let him be reinforced ever so strongly, he had not the resolution to make a strenuous effort to fight his way into Richmond, and was simply pigeonholed passively in a nook of the peninsula, the time had surely come for the long-suffering President in the interest of the cause to deprive him of his command. It would seem from the point of view of the present argument that for Lincoln to have refrained from this was bad strategy.

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay accredit the President with having treated McClellan with great magnanimity in appointing him to the command of the defence of Washington and to effect the reorganization of Pope's troops on the disastrous termination of that officer's campaign. They write with great frankness: "Mr. Lincoln certainly had the defects of his great qualities. His unbounded magnanimity made him sometimes incapable even of just resentments."

From familiar personal knowledge these admirable biographers had naturally much insight into the character of their great chief; and in this they have the advantage of all other commentators. Yet if my estimate of Lincoln is correct, that his sole concern was centred in the safeguarding of the Union, it would follow that there was room in his mind neither for resentments nor for magnanimity, but that with given concentration on the great end, he impartially used the tools which seemed to him best befitted to his purpose. And in this juncture McClellan was obviously the tool to use.

How resolute in a purpose on which he had once set himself was the President, is illustrated in his making this appointment in the face of the opposition of a majority of his Cabinet, four of whom went so far as to sign a written remonstrance "against McClellan's continuing in command of any army in the Union." Stanton disclaimed any responsibility for the appointment, and Chase, while full of scorn for what he considered the President's lack of spirit, nevertheless accorded him the meed of honest regard for the public weal when he wrote in his diary: "It (the appointment) is . . . prompted, I believe, by a sincere

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desire to serve the country, and by a fear that should he supersede McClellan by any other commander, no advantage would be gained in leadership, but much harm in the disaffection of officers and troops."

Lincoln counted nothing humiliating to him that promised to assist the great cause for which he lived. How regardless of his own dignity was he when the sacrifice of it gave a prospect of advantage to the State is evinced by his stooping to request McClellan to exert his personal influence with his sworn allies in the high commands of the Army of the Potomac to purge themselves of the spirit of "hostility and insubordination" so openly displayed by many of the most prominent among them.

The man of whom such a service was asked could scarcely have described himself truly as going to Antietam with "a halter about his neck." Nevertheless, though he still held to him the Army of the Potomac, he had lost with the nation the mesmerism of his prestige. But fortune favored him. Pope's regiments turned out so much less demoralized than had been supposed, that McClellan's work of organization was easier and shorter than could have been anticipated. He was as assiduous in that work as ever; as ever he was slow when the march with an enemy at the end of it came to be undertaken. Rarely indeed has it been the good fortune of a general at the beginning of a campaign to find himself placed in full knowledge of his adversaries' disposition; yet the possession of that enormous advantage could not stir McClellan into prompt alacrity. His sluggishness cost the loss of the garrison of Harper's Ferry. He threw away invaluable time before taking the offensive at South Mountain; and he could have done Lee no better service than in wasting a whole long autumn day in deliberately putting his army into position for the unscientific, unpurposeful and butcherly fighting of the morrow.

Antietam was fought on the 17th of September, 1862. Not until the 26th of October did McClellan begin to cross the Potomac. During the interval of more than five weeks he had practically been immobile, while Lee quietly watched him from Winchester. During that interval he had continuously clamored for reinforcements, for reëquipment of all kinds, for supplies on supplies. He had disregarded Halleck's taunt of October 7 that in his army there was a "decided want of legs," and ignored

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the President's peremptory order to move. Then on the 13th Lincoln sent him a letter so full of strategic wisdom, so informed with the alternative strategic possibilities, so charged with lucid comprehension of the opportunities, that of itself it would indicate the great President's title to be a stategist of the first order. It is too long to be quoted *in extenso*, and the extracts of which space admits do not adequately illustrate its merits as a whole.

"One of the standard maxims of war," he wrote, "is to 'operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own.' You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communications with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? You dread his going into Pennsylvania, but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communications to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but follow and ruin him. If he does so with less than full force, fall upon and beat what is left behind all the easier. You are now nearer Richmond than is the enemy by the route he and you must take. Why can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal in a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. I desired you to cross the Potomac below instead of above the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge, my idea being that this step would at once menace the enemy's communications, which I would seize if he would permit. Should he move northward, I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications and move towards Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him if a favorable opportunity should present, and at the least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. If he makes a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the ground that if we cannot beat him when (as now) he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier when he is near to us than when he is on his own ground at a distance from us. . . . In moving towards Richmond on the inside track, the facility of supplying you on the flank furthest from the enemy is remarkable. Marching by the chord line, turnpikes, railroads, and finally the Potomac by Aquia Creek, meet you at all points from Washington; the same, only the line a little lengthened, if you press closer to the Blue Ridge part of the way. The latter route, as nearest the enemy, I consider preferable; as disabling him from making an important move without your knowledge, and compelling him to keep his forces together for dread of you. The gaps (in the Blue Ridge) would enable you to attack him if you should wish. For a great part of the way you would practically be between the enemy and both Washington and Richmond, enabling us to spare you the greatest number of troops from here. When at length your running for Richmond ahead of him enables him to move this way, if he does so, then turn round and attack him in his rear. But I think he should be engaged long before such point is reached. It seems all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say they cannot do this."

Here every alternative is recognized and the method of deal-

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ing with it prescribed. One of the alternatives, and this the one which characteristically McClellan most apprehended, the President obviously regarded as most remote—the contingency that Lee might invade Pennsylvania. Had he thought this likely or even reasonably possible, he would not have concerned himself in so great detail with urging the advantage of the march to Richmond on "the inside track." He clearly recognized that among the virtues of that course, was making impossible a Confederate advance into Pennsylvania, unless Lee had become a lunatic. Had this not been his conviction, it may be safely assumed that he would have detained McClellan in the Cumberland Valley until Lee either should cross the Potomac, or withdraw southward, if, as would have been but too probable, the former could not have been prevailed on to strike the Confederate chief in his position at Winchester.

Admirable as was the letter from which the above quotations have been taken, there is, however, a point in the armor of its argument which in candor must be exposed. Lincoln's reasoning was on the assumption that a Northern army could march as fast as a Southern one. Twice in his letter he postulates this equality, once indeed denouncing an assertion to the contrary as "unmanly." Unmanly or not, the operation to the contrary was a "hard fact." The individual Northerner might cover ground as far and as fast as the Southerner, but throughout the war, with a solitary exception—the rush without impediments from Petersburg to Appomattox—no Northern army ever had the heels of the unencumbered cohorts of the South. A week later than the date of the President's letter to McClellan, Halleck under his directions wrote thus to Buell, who, after the battle of Perryville had expelled Bragg from Kentucky with what he considered reasonable expedition: "The President does not understand why we cannot march as the enemy marches, live as he lives, and fight as he fights, unless we admit the inferiority of our troops and of our generals." Buell's answer was conclusive and went direct to the heart of the matter. "The spirit of the rebellion," he replied, "enforces a subordination and patient submission to privations and want, which public sentiment renders absolutely impossible among our troops. Again, instead of imitating the enemy's methods, I should rather say that his failure had been in a measure due to their peculiar character."

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The late Quartermaster-General of the war time, in his farewell to the Department whose honored head he had so long been, could make the modest and truthful claim that only during two short intervals did any troops of the Union lack their full and regular rations. But this fulness and regularity could be attained only by the troops being followed close by ample trains; and it may be taken as an axiom that in a poorly-roaded country ample trains and long, swift marches, such as those of Jackson from the Rappahannock to Manassas, through Thoroughfare Gap, and up the Shenandoah Valley, fighting as he hurried, are incompatible. After Buell's blunt retort, Lincoln is no more found upholding the North's equality of marching power.

McClellan accepted in principle the President's project of an advance towards Richmond on the "inside track," delaying, however, to move until ten days later. By November 7 he had slowly drifted as far south as Rectortown. Before then Lee had struck into the "inside track," at Culpeper, thus interposing between McClellan and Richmond. The President had determined to draw the line at this contingency. When it occurred he deprived McClellan of his command, and the military career of that officer terminated.

The President gave Burnside no instructions of a strategic character, unless that complexion may belong to the permission that he might undertake the "mud march" on his own responsibility. Nothing can be finer than the tone of his letter to Hooker on his promotion as Burnside's successor. When the new chief of the Army of the Potomac had pulled his command together, and was ready for action with 130,000 men at his back, he wrote to the President a sketch of that projected movement of his which ended disastrously at Chancellorsville, characteristically expressing his apprehension lest Lee should retire from before him the moment he should cross the river, by the shortest line to Richmond, and "thus escape being seriously crippled." The President, in replying, did not in so many words discourage the scheme devised by the man whom he had esteemed good soldier enough to be put in command of a great army. That was a responsibility on which the civilian strategist would not venture; but it would have been well for Hooker if he had allowed himself to be influenced by the tenor of the memorandum which the President promptly sent him.

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"My opinion is," wrote Lincoln, "that just now, with the enemy directly ahead of us, there is no eligible route for us into Richmond. Hence our prime object is the enemy's army in front of us, and is not with or about Richmond at all, unless incidentally to the main object. What then? The two armies are face to face with a narrow river between them. Our communications are shorter and safer" (by Aquia Creek) "than are those of the enemy. For this reason we can, with equal powers, fret him more than he can us. I do not think that by raids towards Washington he can derange the Army of the Potomac at all. He has no distant operations which can call any of the Army of the Potomac away; we have such operations which may call him away, at least in part" (in South Carolina, at Vicksburg, etc.). "While he remains intact I do not think we should take the disadvantage of attacking him in his intrenchments, but we should continually harass and menace him, so that he shall have no leisure or safety in sending away detachments. If he weakens himself, then pitch into him."

The President could not but discern that the attempt by a wide turning movement, in wooded and intricate ground, which had been very imperfectly, if indeed at all, reconnoitred, to take in rear the Confederate army now occupying Fredericksburg heights, was an extremely hazardous undertaking. If to dislodge it from that commanding position was at present an object of great importance, the President indicated how the attainment of that object might be set about—by fretment, by raids on its communications, by menacing its flanks, etc. Stoneman's raid, more thoroughly and energetically carried out when the weather should improve, by destroying Lee's communications, would have compelled him to evacuate the position and fall back on his depôts. But Hooker's impatience so overmastered him that, whereas Stoneman was to have been sent out a fortnight in advance of the main movement, and was retarded by swollen rivers and impassable roads, Hooker's infantry and Stoneman's cavalry crossed the Rappahannock together, and Stoneman had scarcely begun his work when already defeat had befallen Hooker. Once again the incapacity of its chief had thrown the dark shadow of defeat on the army of the Potomac, and the President had once again the dreary task of writing heartening letters to a discomfited commander. By this he must have got accustomed to that melancholy duty.

It was so far to Hooker's credit that he discerned Lee's intention to march across Virginia to the Upper Potomac in advance of the commencement of that movement which began on June 3. It was a strangely executed movement, conducted as if in sheer contempt of the Federal army; straggled athwart Virginia, its

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head was actually at Winchester, within a few marches of the Potomac, while its rear still stood fast in the Fredericksburg lines. The Nicolay-Hay biography expresses great commendation of Hooker's conduct at this juncture: "He was moving his force from the line of Aquia to the Potomac with wonderful efficiency and skill;"—"his action was never more intelligent and energetic than at this time."

With all respect for the authors of that admirable work, I must venture to demur to these encomiums. What was the plain duty before Hooker, as soldier alike and citizen? The irresistible inference from his prognosis just cited was that Lee's intention was to invade Maryland or Pennsylvania. It was a reproach to the North as a military power that its territory should be isolated by hostile arms. Not only this, but invasion involved the desolation of Northern homes, the burning of Northern villages, requisitions at the bayonet's point, the misery and dismay of Northern communities. Surely it lay upon Hooker to strain every nerve to avert this reproach, and to fend off from his countrymen the horrors of invasion. It behooved him, then, immediately to envelop the left flank of Lee's army with his greatly superior force of cavalry, charged as soon as Lee's, the head of Lee's advance moved out, to send the Federal commander prompt information that the Confederate movement had begun. Pending such intelligence Hooker had ample time to bring his forces together, and have them in readiness to move at short notice. On receipt of the expected information he was promptly to move out, the head of his army somewhat ahead of his adversary, the mass following in echelon; not trailed out, yet not too closely compacted. He had the interior lines—the "inside track;" all the way to the Blue Ridge his march would cover Washington. Opportunities might offer to strike the "slim animal" to advantage in the course of the march, and by utilizing his shorter distance it would be possible for him to be in position in advance on the northern bank of the Potomac, standing there resolute to thwart the enemy's attempt to invade the Northern soil. In all this there is no strain on possibilities, but the contrary. Marching on the chord would have compensated for the slower Northern pace; from Washington by numerous roads would have radiated to him supplies and reinforcements; success would have given him the fee simple of the command of the Army of the Potomac.

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And what did he actually do to merit the encomiums to which I have taken exception? When Ewell was already in the Shenandoah Valley Sickles, heading Hooker's advance, was no further than at Bealeton, two marches out from headquarters on the Falmouth plateau. Hooker, serenely remaining there, was meditating the dubious exploit of striking at Hill, still remaining on the Fredericksburg intrenchments, a project of which the President disapproved in terms as quaint as they were strategically sound. The enemy, he wrote, would be fighting behind intrenchments, "and have you at disadvantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would in some way be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." Then, Lee in full march on the Upper Potomac, Hooker made the wild proposal that he should be allowed to march on Richmond, a project which might have resulted in the fulfilment of Lee's grim jest about "swapping queens." This erratic scheme found no favor with Lincoln, whose answer was: "I would not go south of Rappahannock upon Lee's moving north of it. If you had Richmond invested to-day you would not be able to take it in twenty days. I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your sure objective point"—the great fact which the President had already comprehended in the early days, and never after left grip of. Finally Hooker struck camp on June 13, Hill being so polite as to see him off before he, too, moved. He hurt Lee nowhere south of the Potomac. It is quite true, if it were anything to be proud of, that in the words of the biographers, Hooker "was able at perfect leisure to choose his time and place for crossing the river." Indeed, with somewhat misplaced complaisance, he "waited" until Lee's whole army was on the north side; and, while at length he was leisurely crossing, Ewell and Hill and Longstreet were also choosing at perfect leisure their times and places for harrying unfortunate Pennsylvania almost to the Susquehanna. Yet Hooker on the Potomac was preferable to Hooker fiddling outside Richmond while Rome was burning beyond the Virginia line, and it has to be said that but for the President he might have been in the former locality.

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Lincoln does not appear to have written any strategic letters to Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan. There is an interesting series of letters of that character to Burnside in East Tennessee during Rosecrans's evil days in Chattanooga, but the subject is of subordinate importance. Some of the President's letters to Rosecrans would strengthen the contention that he possessed strategic genius were there space to quote and elucidate them.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WHEN Christians fall out, Pagans come by their own. I have long been of the opinion that the Prophet Isaiah made up his most interesting list of the articles proper to a fashionable Hebrew lady's gala dress from the point of view of a reformer, and not of a historian. The latter aims to give an accurate presentation, with true perspective, of the age with which he deals; the former seeks a picturesque and salient point on which to hang his reform.

The world has been too willing to take Isaiah as a historian alone, and to assume that female Judea was given over to finery; that the Lord is angry at finery, and is, therefore, liable at any moment to strip it all away. This is because the criticism of the world, the interpretation of documents, public opinion, has been chiefly in the hands of men. Now men love finery; but they love it on women. It is too much trouble to wear it themselves, but they love to see women decorated. They pose, and they often preach against it; they do not particularly love its cost, but the finery itself they fall down and worship. Then, to make things even, they decry women for wearing it! Public declamation against it comes from masculine shame-facedness and dislike of paying the bills. Feminine persistence in it comes from man's helpless adoration of the finery.

Women are acute enough to know this, and it does not require a phenomenal acuteness. They know that Isaiah and Jeremiah and all the prophets who inveigh against the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, their round tires like the moon, their changeable suits of apparel, their rings and chains and bracelets, their mantles and their wimples and their crisping-pins—follow the tinkle like sheep—love these round tires like the moon, dia-

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mond crescents sparkling in the dark hair of beauty—love the looping chains of pearls festooning films of lace that veil sweetness with fascination. How do women know it? In a thousand ways—one being that as soon as Isaiah and Jeremiah, Micah and Malachi are in love they go straightway and buy the costliest ring that can be had for their money and slip it with much idol worship on the adored finger. They know it because when Isaiah and Jeremiah, and Malachi and Micah, and Habakkuk and Haggai go into society they fall meekly—radiantly—into line behind the most featly emblazoned great lady and are proud to take her down to supper, to sip her five o'clock tea, to drive her out to the races, to have her name on their charities, and her pew in their churches. They know it because when they preach that the Lord has taken her finery by way of punishment, the most signal token of Divine pardon they hold out to her is that she shall have it all back again! "Awake! awake! put on thy strength, O Zion! *Put on thy* BEAUTIFUL *garments!*" cries Isaiah, thus frankly recognizing the propriety and the potency of those very mantles and wimples which in a spasm—a holy spasm—of reform, he had but lately torn from his lady's shoulders; recognizing that, if the heart be right, the more lovely the clothes the better; recognizing that, if the king's daughter be all glorious within, her clothing *ought* to be of wrought gold!

Women have not yet, perhaps to any appreciable extent, changed public opinion, but they have clung to their inalienable right of fine clothes with a tenacity that should be a lesson to men and may be to angels, in the prevailing power of native truth over acquired error.

That intangible thing "society" is much engaged at present in surveying itself; and the survey seems to consist chiefly in exploiting its own and its neighbor's vices, so that an onlooker might be excused for inferring that Christian civilization at the end of the nineteenth century is in a very bad way—is in the same way which led the Pagan civilizations, through luxury and immorality, to decay and death.

Perhaps in the light of Isaiah's lamp we may discover a little longer lease of life.

Among other lions, those stirred up by Lady Henry Somerset growl most gruesomely against our time—which seems to borrow something mysterious and awe-inspiring if, instead of calling it

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the closing years of the Nineteenth Century, we Gallicise it into *fin de siècle.*

Lady Henry Somerset has visited the United States and has had the temerity to speak well of her hosts,—which her British hearers account for in that winsome way wherewith our kin beyond sea love to sweeten and strengthen the ties of blood.

"The title-loving Americans made much of her—in fact, simply idolized her. In the United States so dearly are the members of the nobility loved that there is little or nothing the Yankees would not do for a mere lordling, let alone for the daughter of an earl, the sister of a duchess, and the daughter-in-law of a duke."

Having thus summarily disposed of any personal charms, any historic interest, any moral and religious influence which the lady may have possessed, by laying to pure snobbery the hospitality shown her in this country, her amiable countrymen proceed to pull to pieces with neatness and despatch the pleasant reflections which this hospitality engendered. "In America, unlike England," Lady Henry was unlucky enough to remark, "the women are more intellectual than the men." "A misstatement. A deviation from the straight path of fact," sternly pronounces her censor; but whether it is because the American woman is *not* more intellectual than the American man, or because the English woman *is* more intellectual than the English man, doth not appear. Indeed, how can it ever appear? Whose hand holds the measuring line that shall decide anything so immeasureable as mental stature?

> "What the hammer, what the chain,
> That shall measure strength of brain?"

Lady Henry states her opinion and the British lion falls upon it tooth and nail and tears it to fiddlestrings, but it was only an opinion to begin with, and such it remains. Nay, our English brethren of the orthodox confession are one with Lady Henry.

In search of the mantles and the wimples and the crisping-pins of the Lady Isaiah, I turned to the concordance of the Oxford Bible. Elijah's mantle is there with the full description of the manner in which he used it; Job's mantle is there with the reckless way in which he tore it; and David's hyperbolical mantle is there, wherewith he would fain his enemies should hide their shame; but Isaiah's mantles are not in it. Those old

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Oxonians tucked all the men's topcoats into their concordance, though not one of them was put to any legitimate use; while, of the women's mantles worn as they should be, for shelter and grace, not a flutter, or fold, or fringe from Genesis to Malachi!

The crisping-pins tack on the same moral. The loom-pin that was improvised into a hair-pin for Samson is drawn out at full length; but there is no room for the daring, dangerous, swift crisping-pin that shall tumble and toss my lady's curls so naturally over her fair, clear brow.

> "Shine out, little head sunning over with curls,
> To the flowers and be their sun,"

though the mantle that a man wishes be deemed worthier than the mantle a woman wears; though the hair-pin that ensnares a man seem more dignified than that which adorns a woman, even if the latter serves for both.

So far, however, we are in a calm atmosphere. Continental intelligence is not set over against insular intelligence in the bulk, however it may be distributed between the sexes, but when Lady Henry goes further and dares to say that "the familiar footing which exists between the American young man and woman before their betrothal results in far happier homes after marriage than does the strict rule of London Society," then indeed rises up a whole den of lions brushing the dew from their manes and growling as they brush: "There are *no* women so pure and good as the English women and wives." Or is this perhaps only gallant? Shall we pardon the excluding ungraciousness of the negative, and the hardly positive grammar, to the loyalty of the sentiment, though it does not appear that Lady Henry anywhere attacked the purity and goodness of her countrywomen. The sudden sensitiveness of her critic is the sole foundation for suspicion. But growl rises into mania: "The horrible impurity of the most fashionable young girls in the largest cities of the Union is well known and the Deacon marriage minus the pistol shots is the typical American *ménage*." This can only be recognized as an acute type of emotional insanity!

Yet with such admirable and accurate freehand drawing of society in "The States," our British artist still leaves a slight blur in the picture. We are warned that Lady Henry, in her flattery of our women, has been "deceiving these trustful and guileless Yankees—these simple-minded transatlantic cousins who

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enthusiastically accepted as gospel every word that fell from such noble lips"—but immediately the censor turns his savage snarl upon Lady Henry, and lo! it is she who is "swallowing this time-honored, very stale, and absolutely absurd excuse which the Yankees always made for the freedom of their younger society." What, then? Why, then, the English ducal female intelligence is on a par with the simple-minded Yankee male intelligence, alike guileless, gullible, and gulled; while the American female intelligence and the English male intelligence remain alone in the dry upper air of clear truth, according to the statute for such case made and provided by Lady Henry Somerset, but ruthlessly spurned by her countryman and critic as a "deviation from fact." If this superior Englishwoman and these simple-minded Yankees had not been engaged in swallowing each other, she would have learned that "the promiscuous intermingling (wholly unrestrained by parental supervision) of young men and young women is one of the irremediable curses of United States society—irremediable because the boys and girls say to their parents, when any attempt to restrain them is made, 'This is a free country; you did as you pleased when you were our age, and we shall do as we please now;' and a curse because it results in the most gross immorality, and in making married homes in the States just the reverse of what Lady Henry was led into thinking they were."

The venerable *Blackwood* behaveth himself still more unseemly. American boys and girls skim over his decorous pages "like half broken colts and fillies. The girls are often so perverse as in 'pure cussedness' to delight in skating upon all sorts of social ice." Becoming "inmates of disorderly houses," they show the baleful effects of the unrestrained intercourse of the sexes. "Owing to the unconventionality of society, a great number of black sheep of both sexes are found in the best society cliques." Marriage bonds set loosely, or not at all. Generally speaking, the laws and institutions of the several States and of the Union favor law-breakers. Two-thirds of the population of the United States never enter a church. It is safe to hold that most of the professed Christians are in fact idolators. It is alien-born citizens who fight with their fists chiefly, but it is the native born who are adepts in the use of revolvers and razors. Thus bewaileth our British Jeremiah. But, though cast down, that we may not be destroyed, this intelligent observer, after

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having arrayed his American cousins in an attractive travelling costume of frayed virtue, chronic dyspepsia, bad teeth and nervous restlessness, protests: "We indeed admire and love the American ladies, but until they have been caught, tamed and civilized by European influences, they are not to be named with the Continental ladies, and are as inferior to English women as the light of a wax taper to the sun." One of them is caught, and is at this moment being tamed and civilized in Woking Prison, though there is danger that the poor little wax taper will go out under its vigorous snuffing.

The general situation, however, is no sooner extreme than it is relieved. Spots are admitted on the sun!

"The truth is that London Society—impure though it may be—is, after all said and done, less so than that of New York."

This is a frightful descent. Why have we been lashed up High Holborn with whips and scorpions only to be rolled rapidly down into Rotten Row? Is it not as difficult to measure moral impurity as mental cleverness? And if American religion be idolatrous, American institutions lawless, American marriage adulterous, American Society ruled by the revolver and the razor, is it worth while to edit monthly magazines and weekly newspapers on the frail crust that London Society is only "less so"?

Is it even less? We have a picture of London Society drawn by itself very cleverly in a late number of this REVIEW. And we have a picture of New York Society drawn by itself, not cleverly, but evidently with an awful sincerity, in a book lately published. An unhappy impression produced by this book was, I admit, that the chief ambition for distinction in New York Society was in the fashion of eating and drinking. But the English delineator says definitely and with a homely and ashamed frankness: "The inclination of the English as regards society is to eat and not to talk!"

Between these two competent critics what is left to choose? The English pot weeps over the American kettle that American boys and girls "have a contempt for all and every kind of restraint, the unmarried girl disregarding her father's authority as much as the wife that of the husband." But the delicate English tea-urn drops a tear into the English pot: "The respect for parents, the self-denial and self-abnegation of the past have disappeared, and parents and children now meet nearly on an equal-

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ity, but where there is any inferiority it is on the parental side."

So then Daisy Miller has taken lodgings in St. James's Park?

Do black sheep stray into our commons? If contemporary English authority is to be trusted, black sheep lead, if they do not constitute, the "smartest" flocks, on the troubled Thames. "All that is needed to insure an entrance into the highest society in England is unlimited wealth. Morality is unnecessary. An important addition is made to the moral law, 'thou shalt not be found out.'" Vice is not confined to the "inmates of disorderly houses," but disorderly houses at the head and in the heart of society flaunt a handsome gown as the price of womanhood, a French table for a man's infamy.

Let it be noticed that Americans have not contributed to these pictures. Lady Henry Somerset portrayed her pleasant American visit in rosy hues. Her censor came by, seized the brush and dabbed the portrait with lamp-black. *Blackwood* rose up in frenzy and mopped out with his crossing-broom every feature of civilization. All these tints are laid upon the London canvas by English artists. In this Royal Academy of Design America has not competed.

The American vice which disheartens our British contemporaries is three thousand miles away. Is it not possible that the portentous hues of the vision may be due to a distorting medium? If the observer were suffocating up to the eyes in this hideousness it would be cause for immediate alarm; but as the air seems clear around Piccadilly and only murky across the ocean, is it not just possible that the murk is due to atmospheric refraction or planetary spheroidity?

The real crime of Israel was beating the people to pieces and grinding the faces of the poor; in his wrath at such wrong it seemed to the prophet that the very girls of Jerusalem, innocent no doubt as many of them were, gay-hearted and perhaps thoughtless, only added to his woe by their heedless mirth, walking and mincing as they went. It was the natural out-pour of an honest patriotic heart wrung with the suffering of the people and stung even by the pleasant light laughter and tinkling ornaments, where he would fain have seen every one bent only on reform; just as I would, if I could, stop every festivity and turn every silk into sack-cloth till that innocent young mother is loosed from Woking

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Prison. But I do not believe Isaiah would have taken those gentle Jewish ladies one by one and pronounced upon them the curse of hardness or lewdness, any more than we should say that every Princess of the house of Hanover is a female Torquemada because the slaughter of the innocent goes on.

There was a caprice a few months ago which led young women to descend upon one like a hawk with only the innocent purpose of shaking hands. It was not precisely mincing as they go but swooping as they come, and if Isaiah were writing about us he would probably substitute the pounce for the mince, but it is simply a harmless tint of the picture, not a moral quality. If women are just and pure and kind, Isaiah will not quarrel with them because they tiptoe in a "Grecian bend" or greet him with a parabolic arm, or drop a little snap-shot of the knee-joint. The fashion of this world passeth away. The old prophets knew it as well as we, and used the fashions only for local color.

In the corruption and destruction of our politics our Jeremiah of *Blackwood* rests all lamentations on a hypothesis. "In the United States when a new President comes into office, there may be a complete change from top to bottom." "*May be*"—even Jeremiah does not claim that there is—only "may be."

Well, the Lord of the Universe has so little regard for tenure of office that he has constructed this world on a most insecure basis. There is not one hour of the twenty-four during which every human being "may" not throw himself down stairs and break his neck, and thus bring humanity to a perpetual end. Yes, even the lips which speak to us so eloquently from *Blackwood* "might" close in hari-kari, or, which would be almost as disastrous to us, when *Blackwood* bids his contributor warn us across the sea of wrath to come, that gentleman "*might*" thrust out his tongue and hold it close between finger and thumb, steadily refusing to speak to us the word of life.

He does not do it. Heaven is kind. Things are not so bad actually as they are logically. Still are spared to us the mellifluous accents of our loving British kinsfolk and their far-shining beacon light, and while that lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return and thus prove to England that our own amosphere is not fatally de oxygenated!

There "*may be*" the deluge, but still, with each approach of our Union's quadrennial election, our poor, lawless, religionless, un-

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married, and unguarded country lurches ahead; the Behring Sea thumps against the white cliffs of England and the Amazon pours into the Mississippi. Our silver coins rattle louder and louder against the gates of India, our protected products sweep a wider and wider swath across the world, although the remark of our "esteemed contemporary" is strictly true and we "may" rise any morning to find that every clerk in the country has been turned adrift and every other officer has resigned his post and all the morning journals are out in big head-lines advertising for a Government that mysteriously disappeared over night!

If Mrs. Montague should happen to be looking into a certain American morning room at this moment she would see a beautiful strong creature with yellow-brown eyes and a great shock of yellow curls, talking all the time, running away in turn with the parasol and the watch and each dainty belonging of his new-come guest, his tall and stately Maud of the milk-white fawn, Maud of the pearl-pink cheek, and calling her by her first name with infantine silver-sweet, fascinating familiarity. I am quite sure that Mrs. Montague would not like it. He is indeed too "wholly unrestrained by parental supervision" to meet Mrs. Montague's peculiar views of "supervision" or Mr. Montague's peculiar views of a father's obligation. They do not see that the young mother watches her young beauty every moment, and that the danger is not that he will be too unrestrained, but that he will be too carefully guarded. Mrs. Montague's fingers no doubt clutch restlessly at an imaginary switch, the real one being for the moment beyond her reach—and so happily beyond her reach forever is the innocent baby who dragged out three hapless years under her strictly parental supervision.

In the "horrible impurity" of New York society a home is desolate. It is a home which I have never entered, of which I should never have known but for the celebrity of its wealth and magnificence, and of which I have never known anything but good. From its hearth-stone the eldest son has passed away, and no splendor of the fashion of this world can prevent the thrill of sympathetic grief that strikes into all hearts for this passion of loss. Even in the coarse woodcuts of the newspapers, his appears a gentle, fine, winsome face. All boyish companions have a simple good word for their lost mate. There was wealth to minister to every wish, but no note of a coarse or vicious trait. The

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American weakness of parental indulgence was not wanting. When on a tour in Greece the father's courage gave way before some special difficulty of travel or climate, the boy cried out in comic consternation, "Why, I thought we were going to travel in Greece! I thought we were going to see the tomb of Agamemnon!" And they did. Such a father could but obey such a boy.

With that promising brief life too quickly ended, I think the father is not sorry to be associated with its manly pleasures, with tender lavishments, rather than with repressions and restraints—since restraints enough there were to make its memory a perpetual blessing, its hope the radiance of the future.

Alas! Alas! Even while I am sending away the last proofs of these last paragraphs, there has fallen upon the sunny morning-room a darkness that may be felt. The beautiful, strong father of the beautiful strong child lies with folded hands, deaf to all the dear voices. "Wholly unrestrained by parental supervision"—yes; because his native rectitude seemed restraint enough and the whole loving community guarded his fearless, adventurous infancy. Fond eyes still see through their tears his baby feet pattering over the bridge in the marching ranks of the soldiers, into whose camp he had strayed and strolled, and who were escorting him home from his happy gala day well kept in line by their laughing bayonets. Wholly unrestrained, but most tenderly nurtured by parental supervision, how goodly he grew, how wise, protecting, calm, courageous, sustained and sustaining! If his character held a flaw I do not know it. For wife and child, for brother and sister, for father and mother, all ye that are about him, bemoan him; and all ye that knew his name, say, How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!

> "So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure—
> Mourn! That a world-wide empire mourns with you
> Were slender solace. Yet be comforted;
> For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love
> The face of Death is towards the Sun of Life.
> His shadow darkens earth; his truer name
> Is 'Onward.' No discordance in the roll
> And march of that Eternal Harmony
> Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard,—
> Until the great Hereafter, mourn in hope."

GAIL HAMILTON.

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THOMAS PAINE.

BY COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"A great man's memory may outlive his life half a year,
But, by'r lady, he must build churches then."

EIGHTY-THREE years ago Thomas Paine ceased to defend himself. The moment he became dumb all his enemies found a tongue. He was attacked on every hand. The Tories of England had been waiting for their revenge. The believers in kings, in hereditary government, the nobility of every land, execrated his memory. Their greatest enemy was dead. The believers in human slavery, and all who clamored for the rights of the States as against the sovereignty of a Nation, joined in the chorus of denunciation. In addition to this, the believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the occupants of orthodox pulpits, the professors in Christian colleges, and the religious historians, were his sworn and implacable foes.

This man had gratified no ambition at the expense of his fellow men; he had desolated no country with the flame and sword of war; he had not wrung millions from the poor and unfortunate; he had betrayed no trust, and yet he was almost universally despised. He gave his life for the benefit of mankind. Day and night for many, many weary years, he labored for the good of others, and gave himself body and soul to the great cause of human liberty. And yet he won the hatred of the people for whose benefit, for whose emancipation, for whose civilization, for whose exaltation he gave his life.

Against him every slander that malignity could coin and hypocrisy pass was gladly and joyously taken as genuine, and every truth with regard to his career was believed to be counterfeit. He was attacked by thousands where he was defended by one, and the one who defended him was instantly attacked, silenced, or destroyed.

At last his life has been written by Moncure D. Conway, and

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the real history of Thomas Paine, of what he attempted and accomplished, of what he taught and suffered, has been intelligently, truthfully and candidly given to the world. Henceforth the slanderer will be without excuse.

He who reads Mr. Conway's pages will find that Thomas Paine was more than a patriot—that he was a philanthropist—a lover not only of his country, but of all mankind. He will find that his sympathies were with those who suffered, without regard to religion or race, country or complexion. He will find that this great man did not hesitate to attack the governing class of his native land—to commit what was called treason against the king, that he might do battle for the rights of men; that in spite of the prejudices of birth, he took the side of the American Colonies; that he gladly attacked the political abuses and absurdities that had been fostered by altars and thrones for many centuries; that he was for the people against nobles and kings, and that he put his life in pawn for the good of others.

In the winter of 1774 Thomas Paine came to America. After a time he was employed as one of the writers on "The Pennsylvania Magazine."

Let us see what he did, calculated to excite the hatred of his fellow men.

The first article he ever wrote in America, and the first ever published by him anywhere, appeared in that magazine on the 8th of March, 1775. It was an attack on American slavery—a plea for the rights of the negro. In that article will be found substantially all the arguments that can be urged against that most infamous of all institutions. Every line is full of humanity, pity, tenderness, and love of justice. Five days after this article appeared the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Certainly this should not excite our hatred. To-day the civilized world agrees with the essay written by Thomas Paine in 1775.

At that time great interests were against him. The owners of slaves became his enemies, and the pulpits, supported by slave labor, denounced this abolitionist.

The next article published by Thomas Paine, in the same magazine, and for the next month, was an attack on the practice of duelling, showing that it was barbarous, that it did not even tend to settle the right or wrong of a dispute, that it could not be defended on any just grounds, and that its influence was degrad-

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ing and cruel. The civilized world now agrees with the opinions of Thomas Paine upon that barbarous practice.

In May, 1775, appeared in the same magazine another article written by Thomas Paine, a Protest Against Cruelty to Animals. He began the work that was so successfully and gloriously carried out by Henry Bergh, one of the noblest, one of the grandest, men that this continent has produced.

The good people of this world agree with Thomas Paine.

In August of the same year he wrote a plea for the Rights of Woman, the first ever published in the New World. Certainly he should not be hated for that.

He was the first to suggest a union of the Colonies. Before the Declaration of Independence was issued, Paine had written of and about the Free and Independent States of America. He had also spoken of the United Colonies as the "Glorious Union," and he was the first to write these words: "The United States of America."

In May, 1775, Washington said: "If you ever hear of me joining in any such measure (as separation from Great Britain) you have my leave to set me down for everything wicked." He had also said: "It is not the wish or interest of the government (meaning Massachusetts), or of any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence." And in the same year Benjamin Franklin assured Chatham that no one in America was in favor of separation. As a matter of fact, the people of the Colonies wanted a redress of their grievances—they were not dreaming of separation, of independence.

In 1775 Paine wrote the pamphlet known as "Common Sense." This was published on the 10th of January, 1776. It was the first appeal for independence, the first cry for national life, for absolute separation. No pamphlet, no book, ever kindled such a sudden conflagration,—a purifying flame, in which the prejudices and fears of millions were consumed. To read it now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, hastens the blood. It is but the meagre truth to say that Thomas Paine did more for the cause of separation, to sow the seeds of independence, than any other man of his time. Certainly we should not despise him for this. The Declaration of Independence followed, and in that declaration will be found not only the thoughts, but some of the expressions, of Thomas Paine.

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During the war, and in the very darkest hours, Paine wrote what is called "The Crisis," a series of pamphlets giving from time to time his opinion of events, and his prophecies. These marvellous publications produced an effect nearly as great as the pamphlet "Common Sense." These strophes, written by the bivouac fires, had in them the soul of battle.

In all he wrote, Paine was direct and natural. He touched the very heart of the subject. He was not awed by names or titles, by place or power. He never lost his regard for truth, for principle—never wavered in his allegiance to reason, to what he believed to be right. His arguments were so lucid, so unanswerable, his comparisons and analogies so apt, so unexpected, that they excited the passionate admiration of friends and the unquenchable hatred of enemies. So great were these appeals to patriotism, to the love of liberty, the pride of independence, the glory of success, that it was said by some of the best and greatest of that time that the American cause owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington.

On the 2d day of November, 1779, there was introduced into the Assembly of Pennsylvania an act for the abolition of slavery. The preamble was written by Thomas Paine. To him belongs the honor and glory of having written the first Proclamation of Emancipation in America—Paine the first, Lincoln the last.

Paine, of all others, succeeded in getting aid for the struggling colonies from France. "According to Lamartine, the king, Louis XVI., loaded Paine with favors, and a gift of six millions was confided into the hands of Franklin and Paine. On the 25th of August, 1781, Paine reached Boston bringing 2,500,000 livres in silver, and in convoy a ship laden with clothing and military stores."

"In November, 1779, Paine was elected Clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. In 1780, the Assembly received a letter from General Washington in the field, saying that he feared the distresses in the army would lead to mutiny in the ranks. This letter was read by Paine to the Assembly. He immediately wrote to Blair McClenaghan, a Philadelphia merchant, explaining the urgency, and inclosing $500, the amount of salary due him as Clerk, as his contribution towards a relief fund. The merchant called a meeting the next day, and read Paine's letter. A subscription list was immediately circulated, and in a short

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time about $1,500,000 was raised. With this capital the Pennsylvania Bank—afterwards the Bank of North America—was established for the relief of the army."

In 1783 "Paine wrote a memorial to Chancellor Livingston, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Robert Morris, Minister of Finance, and his assistant, urging the necessity of adding a Continental Legislature to Congress, to be elected by the several States. Robert Morris invited the Chancellor and a number of eminent men to meet Paine at dinner, where his plea for a stronger Union was discussed and approved. This was probably the earliest of a series of consultations preliminary to the Constitutional Convention."

"On the 19th of April, 1783, it being the eighth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, Paine printed a little pamphlet entitled 'Thoughts on Peace and the Probable Advantages Thereof.'" In this pamphlet he pleads for "a supreme Nationality absorbing all cherished sovereignties." Mr. Conway calls this pamphlet Paine's "Farewell Address," and gives the following extract:

"It was the cause of America that made me an author. The force with which it struck my mind, and the dangerous condition in which the country was in, by courting an impossible and an unnatural reconciliation with those who were determined to reduce her, instead of striking out into the only line that could save her,—a Declaration of Independence,—made it impossible for me, feeling as I did, to be silent; and if, in the course of more than seven years, I have rendered her any service, I have likewise added something to the reputation of literature, by freely and disinterestedly employing it in the great cause of mankind. . . . But as the scenes of war are closed, and every man preparing for home and happier times, I therefore take leave of the subject. I have most sincerely followed it from beginning to end, and through all its turns and windings; and whatever country I may hereafter be in, I shall always feel an honest pride at the part I have taken and acted, and a gratitude to nature and providence for putting it in my power to be of some use to mankind."

Paine had made some enemies, first, by attacking African slavery, and, second, by insisting upon the sovereignty of the Nation.

During the Revolution our forefathers, in order to justify making war on Great Britain, were compelled to take the ground that all men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In no other way could they justify their action. After the war, the meaner instincts began to take possession of the mind, and those who had fought for their own liberty were perfectly willing to enslave others. We must also remember that the Revolution was begun and carried on by a noble minority—that

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the majority were really in favor of Great Britain and did what they dared to prevent the success of the American cause. The minority, however, had control of affairs. They were active, energetic, enthusiastic, and courageous, and the majority were overawed, shamed, and suppressed. But when peace came, the majority asserted themselves and the interests of trade and commerce were consulted. Enthusiasm slowly died, and patriotism was mingled with the selfishness of traffic.

But, after all, the enemies of Paine were few, the friends were many. He had the respect and admiration of the greatest and the best, and was enjoying the fruits of his labor.

The Revolution was ended, the colonies were free. They had been united, they formed a Nation, and the United States of America had a place on the map of the world.

Paine was not a politician. He had not labored for seven years to get an office. His services were no longer needed in America. He concluded to educate the English people, to inform them of their rights, to expose the pretences, follies and fallacies, the crimes and cruelties of nobles, kings, and parliaments. In the brain and heart of this man were the dream and hope of the universal republic. He had confidence in the people. He hated tyranny and war, despised the senseless pomp and vain show of crowned robbers, laughed at titles, and the "honorable" badges worn by the obsequious and servile, by fawners and followers; loved liberty with all his heart, and bravely fought against those who could give the rewards of place and gold, and for those who could pay only with thanks.

Hoping to hasten the day of freedom, he wrote the "Rights of Man"—a book that laid the foundation for all the real liberty that the English now enjoy—a book that made known to Englishmen the Declaration of Nature, and convinced millions that all are children of the same mother, entitled to share equally in her gifts. Every Englishman who has outgrown the ideas of 1688 should remember Paine with love and reverence. Every Englishman who has sought to destroy abuses, to lessen or limit the prerogatives of the crown, to extend the suffrage, to do away with "rotten boroughs," to take taxes from knowledge, to increase and protect the freedom of speech and the press, to do away with bribes under the name of pensions, and to make England a government of principles rather than of persons, has been

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compelled to adopt the creed and use the arguments of Thomas Paine. In England every step towards freedom has been a triumph of Paine over Burke and Pitt. No man ever rendered a greater service to his native land.

The book called the "Rights of Man" was the greatest contribution that literature had given to liberty. It rests on the bed rock. No attention is paid to precedents except to show that they are wrong. Paine was not misled by the proverbs that wolves had written for sheep. He had the intelligence to examine for himself, and the courage to publish his conclusions. As soon as the "Rights of Man" was published the government was alarmed. Every effort was made to suppress it. The author was indicted; those who published, and those who sold, were arrested and imprisoned. But the new gospel had been preached —a great man had shed light—a new force had been born, and it was beyond the power of nobles and kings to undo what the author-hero had done.

To avoid arrest and probable death, Paine left England. He had sown with brave hand the seeds of thought, and he knew that he had lighted a fire that nothing could extinguish until England should be free.

The fame of Thomas Paine had reached France in many ways —principally through Lafayette. His services in America were well known. The pamphlet "Common Sense" had been published in French, and its effect had been immense. "The Rights of Man" that had created, and was then creating, such a stir in England, was also known to the French. The lovers of liberty everywhere were the friends and admirers of Thomas Paine. In America, England, Scotland, Ireland, and France he was known as the defender of popular rights. He had preached a new gospel. He had given a new Magna Charta to the people.

So popular was Paine in France that he was elected by three constituencies to the National Convention. He chose to represent Calais. From the moment he entered French territory he was received with almost royal honors. He at once stood with the foremost, and was welcomed by all enlightened patriots. As in America, so in France, he knew no idleness—he was an organizer and worker. The first thing he did was to found the first Republican Society, and the next to write its Manifesto, in which the ground was taken that France did not need a king; that the

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people should govern themselves. In this Manifesto was this argument:

"What kind of office must that be in a government which requires neither experience nor ability to execute? that may be abandoned to the desperate chance of birth; that may be filled with an idiot, a madman, a tyrant, with equal effect as with the good, the virtuous, the wise? An office of this nature is a mere nonentity; it is a place of show, not of use."

He said:

"I am not the personal enemy of kings. Quite the contrary. No man wishes more heartily than myself to see them all in the happy and honorable state of private individuals; but I am the avowed, open and intrepid enemy of what is called monarchy; and I am such by principles which nothing can either alter or corrupt, by my attachment to humanity, by the anxiety which I feel within myself for the dignity and honor of the human race."

One of the grandest things done by Thomas Paine was his effort to save the life of Louis XVI. The Convention was in favor of death. Paine was a foreigner. His career had caused some jealousies. He knew the danger he was in—that the tiger was already crouching for a spring—but he was true to his principles. He was opposed to the death penalty. He remembered that Louis XVI. had been the friend of America, and he very cheerfully risked his life, not only for the good of France, not only to save the king, but to pay a debt of gratitude. He asked the Convention to exile the king to the United States. He asked this as a member of the Convention and as a citizen of the United States. As an American he felt grateful not only to the king, but to every Frenchman. He, the adversary of all kings, asked the Convention to remember that kings were men, and subject to human frailties. He took still another step, and said: "As France has been the first of European nations to abolish royalty, let us also be the first to abolish the punishment of death."

Even after the death of Louis had been voted, Paine made another appeal. With a courage born of the highest possible sense of duty he said:

"France has but one ally—the United States of America. That is the only Nation that can furnish France with naval provisions, for the kingdoms of Northern Europe are, or soon will be, at war with her. It happens that the person now under discussion is regarded in America as a deliverer of their country. I can assure you that his execution will there spread universal sorrow, and it is in your power not thus to wound the feelings of your ally. Could I speak the French language I would descend to your bar, and in their name become your petitioner to respite the execution of your sentence on Louis." "Ah, citizens, give not the tyrant of England the triumph of seeing

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the man perish on the scaffold who helped my dear brothers of America to break his chains."

This was worthy of the man who had said : "Where Liberty is *not,* there is my country."

Paine was second on the committee to prepare the draft of a Constitution for France to be submitted to the Convention. He was the real author, not only of the draft of the Constitution, but of the Declaration of Rights.

In France, as in America, he took the lead. His first thoughts seemed to be first principles. He was clear because he was profound. People without ideas experience great difficulty in finding words to express them.

From the moment that Paine cast his vote in favor of mercy —in favor of life—the shadow of the guillotine was upon him. He knew that when he voted for the king's life, he voted for his own death. Paine remembered that the king had been the friend of America, and to him ingratitude seemed the worst of crimes. He worked to destroy the monarch, not the man ; the king, not the friend. He discharged his duty and accepted death. This was the heroism of goodness—the sublimity of devotion.

Believing that his life was near its close, he made up his mind to give to the world his thoughts concerning "revealed religion." This he had for some time intended to do, but other matters had claimed his attention. Feeling that there was no time to be lost, he wrote the first part of the "Age of Reason," and gave the manuscript to Joel Barlow. Six hours after, he was arrested. The second part was written in prison while he was waiting for death.

Paine clearly saw that men could not be really free, or defend the freedom they had, unless they were free to think and speak. He knew that the Church was the enemy of liberty, that the altar and throne were in partnership, that they helped each other and divided the spoils.

He felt that, being a man, he had the right to examine the creeds and the Scriptures for himself, and that, being an honest man, it was his duty and his privilege to tell his fellow men the conclusions at which he arrived.

He found that the creeds of all orthodox churches were absurd and cruel, and that the Bible was no better. Of course he found that there were some good things in the creeds and in the

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Bible. These he defended, but the infamous, the inhuman, he attacked.

In matters of religion he pursued the same course that he had in things political. He depended upon experience, and above all on reason. He refused to extinguish the light in his own soul. He was true to himself, and gave to others his honest thoughts. He did not seek wealth, or place, or fame. He sought the truth.

He had felt it to be his duty to attack the institution of slavery in America, to raise his voice against duelling, to plead for the rights of woman, to excite pity for the sufferings of domestic animals, the speechless friends of man; to plead the cause of separation, of independence, of American nationality, to attack the abuses and crimes of monarchs, to do what he could to give freedom to the world.

He thought it his duty to take another step. Kings asserted that they derived their power, their right to govern, from God. To this assertion Paine replied with the "Rights of Man." Priests pretended that they were the authorized agents of God. Paine replied with the "Age of Reason."

This book is still a power, and will be as long as the absurdities and cruelties of the creeds and the Bible have defenders. The "Age of Reason" affected the priests just as the "Rights of Man" affected nobles and kings. The kings answered the arguments of Paine with laws, the priests with lies. Kings appealed to force, priests to fraud. Mr. Conway has written in regard to the "Age of Reason" the most impressive and the most interesting chapter in his book. Paine contended for the rights of the individual, for the jurisdiction of the soul. Above all religions he placed Reason, above all kings, Men, and above all men, Law.

The first part of the "Age of Reason" was written in the shadow of a prison, the second part in the gloom of death. From that shadow, from that gloom, came a flood of light. This testament, by which the wealth of a marvellous brain, the love of a great and heroic heart were given to the world, was written in the presence of the scaffold, when the writer believed he was giving his last message to his fellow men.

The "Age of Reason" was his crime.

Franklin, Jefferson, Sumner and Lincoln, the four greatest statesmen that America has produced, were believers in the creed of Thomas Paine.

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The Universalists and Unitarians have found their best weapons, their best arguments, in the "Age of Reason."

Slowly, but surely, the churches are adopting not only the arguments, but the opinions, of the great Reformer. Theodore Parker attacked the Old Testament and Calvinistic theology with the same weapons and with a bitterness excelled by no man who has expressed his thoughts in our language.

Paine was a century in advance of his time. If he were living now his sympathy would be with Savage, Chadwick, Professor Briggs and the "advanced theologians." He, too, would talk about the "higher criticism" and the latest definition of "inspiration." These advanced thinkers substantially are repeating the "Age of Reason." They still wear the old uniform—clinging to the toggery of theology—but inside of their religious rags they agree with Thomas Paine.

Not one argument that Paine urged against the inspiration of the Bible, against the truth of miracles, against the barbarities and infamies of the Old Testament, against the pretensions of priests and the claims of kings, has ever been answered.

His arguments in favor of the existence of what he was pleased to call the God of Nature were as weak as those of all theists have been. But in all the affairs of this world, his clearness of vision, lucidity of expression, cogency of argument, aptness of comparison, power of statement and comprehension of the subject in hand, with all its bearings and consequences, have rarely, if ever, been excelled.

He had no reverence for mistakes because they were old. He did not admire the castles of Feudalism even when they were covered with ivy. He not only said that the Bible was not inspired, but he demonstrated that it could not all be true. This was "brutal." He presented arguments so strong, so clear, so convincing, that they could not be answered. This was "vulgar."

He stood for liberty against kings, for humanity against creeds and gods. This was "cowardly and low." He gave his life to free and civilize his fellow men. This was "infamous."

Paine was arrested and imprisoned in December, 1793. He was, to say the least, neglected by Gouverneur Morris and Washington. He was released through the efforts of James Monroe, in November, 1794. He was called back to the Convention, but too late to be of use. As most of the actors had suffered death,

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the tragedy was about over and the curtain was falling. Paine remained in Paris until the "reign of terror" was ended and that of the Corsican tyrant had commenced.

Paine came back to America hoping to spend the remainder of his life surrounded by those for whose happiness and freedom he had labored so many years. He expected to be rewarded with the love and reverence of the American people.

In 1794 James Monroe had written to Paine these words:

"It is unnecessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen, I speak of the great mass of the people, are interested in your welfare. They have not forgot the history of their own Revolution and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I hope never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our own Revolution, but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human rights and a distinguished and able advocate of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine we are not and cannot be indifferent."

In the same year Mr. Monroe wrote a letter to the Committee of General Safety, asking for the release of Mr. Paine, in which, among other things, he said:

"The services Thomas Paine rendered to his country in its struggle for freedom have implanted in the hearts of his countrymen a sense of gratitude never to be effaced *as long as they shall deserve the title of a just and generous people.*"

On reaching America, Paine found that the sense of gratitude had been effaced. He found that the Federalists hated him with all their hearts because he believed in the rights of the people and was still true to the splendid principles advocated during the darkest days of the Revolution. In almost every pulpit he found a malignant and implacable foe, and the pews were filled with his enemies. The slaveholders hated him. He was held responsible even for the crimes of the French Revolution. He was regarded as a blasphemer, an atheist, an enemy of God and man. The ignorant citizens of Bordentown, as cowardly as orthodox, longed to mob the author of "Common Sense" and "The Crisis." They thought he had sold himself to the devil because he had defended God against the slanderous charges that he had inspired the writers of the Bible—because he had said that a being of infinite goodness and purity did not establish slavery and polygamy.

Paine had insisted that men had the right to think for them-

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selves. This so enraged the average American citizen that he longed for revenge.

In 1802 the people of the United States had exceedingly crude ideas about the liberty of thought and expression. Neither had they any conception of religious freedom. Their highest thought on that subject was expressed by the word "toleration," and even this toleration extended only to the various Christian sects. Even the vaunted religious liberty of colonial Maryland was only to the effect that one kind of Christian should not fine, imprison and kill another kind of Christian, but all kinds of Christians had the right, and it was their duty, to brand, imprison and kill infidels of every kind.

Paine had been guilty of thinking for himself and giving his conclusions to the world without having asked the consent of a priest—just as he had published his political opinions without leave of the king. He had published his thoughts on religion and had appealed to reason—to the light in every mind, to the humanity, the pity, the goodness which he believed to be in every heart. He denied the right of kings to make laws and of priests to make creeds. He insisted that the people should make laws, and that every human being should think for himself. While some believed in the freedom of religion, he believed in the religion of freedom.

If Paine had been a hypocrite, if he had concealed his opinions, if he had defended slavery with quotations from the "sacred scriptures"—if he had cared nothing for the liberties of men in other lands—if he had said that the state could not live without the church—if he had sought for place instead of truth, he would have won wealth and power, and his brow would have been crowned with the laurel of fame.

He made what the pious call the "mistake" of being true to himself—of living with an unstained soul. He had lived and labored for the people. The people were untrue to him. They returned evil for good, hatred for benefits received, and yet this great chivalric soul remembered their ignorance and loved them with all his heart, and fought their oppressors with all his strength.

We must remember what the churches and creeds were in that day, what the theologians really taught, and what the people believed. To save a few in spite of their vices, and to damn the many without regard to their virtues, and all for the glory of the Damner :—*this was Calvinism.* "He that hath ears to hear, let

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him hear," but he that hath a brain to think must not think. He that believeth without evidence is good, and he that believeth in spite of evidence is a saint. Only the wicked doubt, only the blasphemer denies. *This was orthodox Christianity.*

Thomas Paine had the courage, the sense, the heart, to denounce these horrors, these absurdities, these infinite infamies. He did what he could to drive these theological vipers, these Calvinistic cobras, these fanged and hissing serpents of superstition from the heart of man.

A few civilized men agreed with him then, and the world has progressed since 1809. Intellectual wealth has accumulated; vast mental estates have been left to the world. Geologists have forced secrets from the rocks, astronomers from the stars, historians from old records and lost languages. In every direction the thinker and the investigator have ventured and explored, and even the pews have begun to ask questions of the pulpits. Humboldt has lived, and Darwin and Haeckel and Huxley, and the armies led by them, have changed the thought of the world.

The churches of 1809 could not be the friends of Thomas Paine. No church asserting that belief is necessary to salvation ever was, or ever will be, the champion of true liberty. A church founded on slavery—that is to say, on blind obedience, worshipping irresponsible and arbitrary power, must of necessity be the enemy of human freedom.

The orthodox churches are now anxious to save the little that Paine left of their creed. If one now believes in God, and lends a little financial aid, he is considered a good and desirable member. He need not define God after the manner of the catechism. He may talk about a "Power that works for righteousness"; or the tortoise Truth that beats the rabbit Lie in the long run; or the "Unknowable"; or the "Unconditioned"; or the "Cosmic Force"; or the "Ultimate Atom"; or "Protoplasm," or the "What"—provided he begins this word with a capital.

We must also remember that there is a difference between independence and liberty. Millions have fought for independence —to throw off some foreign yoke—and yet were at heart the enemies of true liberty. A man in jail, sighing to be free, may be said to be in favor of liberty, but not from principle; but a man who, being free, risks or gives his life to free the enslaved, is a true soldier of liberty.

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Thomas Paine had passed the legendary limit of life. One by one most of his old friends and acquaintances had deserted him. Maligned on every side, execrated, shunned and abhorred—his virtues denounced as vices—his services forgotten—his character blackened, he preserved the poise and balance of his soul. He was a victim of the people, but his convictions remained unshaken. He was still a soldier in the army of freedom, and still tried to enlighten and civilize those who were impatiently waiting for his death. Even those who loved their enemies hated him, their friend—the friend of the whole world—with all their hearts.

On the 8th of June, 1809, death came—Death, almost his only friend.

At his funeral no pomp, no pageantry, no civic procession, no military display. In a carriage, a woman and her son who had lived on the bounty of the dead—on horseback, a Quaker, the humanity of whose heart dominated the creed of his head—and, following on foot, two negroes, filled with gratitude—constituted the funeral cortege of Thomas Paine.

He who had received the gratitude of many millions, the thanks of generals and statesmen—he who had been the friend and companion of the wisest and best—he who had taught a people to be free, and whose words had inspired armies and enlightened nations, was thus given back to Nature, the mother of us all.

If the people of the great Republic knew the life of this generous, this chivalric man, the real story of his services, his sufferings and his triumphs—of what he did to compel the robed and crowned, the priests and kings, to give back to the people liberty, the jewel of the soul; if they knew that he was the first to write, "The Religion of Humanity"; if they knew that he, above all others, planted and watered the seeds of independence, of union, of nationality, in the hearts of our forefathers—that his words were gladly repeated by the best and bravest in many lands; if they knew that he attempted, by the purest means, to attain the noblest and loftiest ends—that he was original, sincere, intrepid, and that he could truthfully say: "The world is my country, to do good my religion"—if the people only knew all this—the truth—they would repeat the words of Andrew Jackson: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made with hands; he has erected a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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THE POPE AT HOME.

BY GIOVANNI AMADI.

THE following anecdote was circulated in Perugia and all through Italy at the time of the election of Pope Leo XIII.: During the political disturbances which accompanied and followed the establishment of United Italy, Francesco Crispi, then member of Parliament from Palermo, had several interviews on business with Cardinal Joachim Pecci, then Archbishop of Perugia. On one of these occasions the cardinal said to Crispi: "You are a very able man, and a splendid career is open to you. The day is near when you will be a minister, perhaps Prime Minister to the King." "I accept the omen," Crispi replied, "but when I shall be Premier you will be Pope." The prediction was fulfilled on both sides in February, 1878.

Carpeneto, where Leo XIII. was born on March 2, 1810, more than eighty-one years ago, is a picturesque, straggling village of 5,000 souls, located in a gap of the Volscian Mountains—the Monti Lepini of the present day—at the foot of the Semprevisa peak, which towers to the height of 2,700 feet. According to a poetic description by the late Cardinal Joseph Pecci, the Pope's brother, Carpeneto looks like an eagle's nest perched on a ledge between two gigantic rocks. The villa Pecci, an imposing edifice of the sixteenth century, stands on one of the heights between the village and the summit of the mountain, surrounded by chestnut trees and humble mediæval houses. The place is secluded and pleasant, at the same time adapted to studious pursuits under healthful conditions. Indeed "*mens sana in corpore sano*" may be said to be the device of the Counts Pecci.

The Counts Pecci were among the leading families of the republic of Siena. Banished by party feuds, in the first half of the sixteenth century, they migrated to the pontifical states, and settled in Carpeneto. Several ancestors of the present Pope have

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made themselves known in history. His father, Count Ludovico, an officer under Napoleon I., married the Countess Anna Prosperi Buzi, a good and noble lady, by whom he had four male children. The future Pope, the fourth son, was called Vincenzo, at his mother's request, but after her death he exchanged the name for that of Joachim. When eight years old he began his education in the Jesuits' college at Viterbo, where he was first imbued with a passionate love for classic poetry. In 1832 he entered the *Accademia Ecclesiastica* for young priests destined for diplomatic and administrative careers, and made such rapid progress in the study of civil and ecclesiastic law that in 1835 he received the highest prize, of sixty sequins, in a competition among his fellow students. There were one hundred subjects for discussion placed in a glass box, and each of the young academicians had to draw one and develop it *impromptu*. The subject drawn by Joachim Pecci was "On the Right of Appeal to the Person of the Pope." A competitor of his, an Irishman named Tobias Kirby, now Archbishop of Ephesus, calling on the recently elected Pope forty-three years afterwards, said in the course of the conversation: "Holy Father, I have just found among my papers my dispute of 1835." The Pope was so pleased that he caused Mgr. Kirby to publish it, with a dedication to the winner of the competition.

In 1837 Rome had a great visitation—an outbreak of Asiatic cholera, which carried off 12,563 persons in about four months. Joachim Pecci, who had just been named "domestic prelate" by Gregory XVI., showed great presence of mind and great charity in organizing help for the panic-stricken crowds. He was ordained a priest in November of that eventful year, and celebrated his first mass on January 1, 1838. Fifty years later, on January 1, 1888, he was able to celebrate his golden mass, under the canopy of Urban VIII., in the Basilica of St. Peter's, and give his apostolic benediction to a crowd of thirty thousand persons. He received for this golden mass a fee of $200,000,* and six million dollars in gifts and presents of various kinds.

The next step in his career was the governorship of the province of Benevento. This region was then agitated by civil discord, and infested by bands of brigands from the neighboring Neapolitan provinces. The leading land-

* The ordinary fee for a low mass in Italy is fifty cents.

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owners either had intrenched themselves in their castles, enlisting companies of armed men to protect their persons and their belongings, or had entered into a compromise with the brigands, supplying them with food, spirits, tobacco, and information about the movements of the police. The new governor changed at once the state of affairs. The leader of the outlaws, Pasquale Colletta, was caught and executed; and his supporters, whether noblemen or peasants, were prosecuted. One of the nobility, a marquis of high-sounding name, on being warned by Mgr. Pecci to cut short his communication with the brigands, gave him a haughty answer, whereupon Monsignore had him marched off to prison, together with the brigands to whom he had offered hospitality and help.

In 1843 Mgr. Pecci was promoted to the *nunziatura*, or legation, at Brussels. Belgium was not an easy post for a representative of the Pope, King Leopold being of a rather sceptical turn of mind and having peculiar views as to civil and constitutional rights. Still the young *nuncio*, by his exquisite tact, aristocratic manners, and vast culture, succeeded in winning the sympathies of the court, and became an intimate friend and adviser of the King. His conversation was full of *finesse* and humor. Once, sitting at the royal table, he was annoyed by the rather easy conversation of a diplomat who kept expatiating on his success in society, and was showing the picture of a *dame du grand monde*, beautiful as a work of art, but not quite modest. In the hope of teasing the young *nuncio*, he passed the picture to him, asking his opinion of it. Monsignore looked at the portrait most indifferently, and giving it back to its owner, said in a loud tone, so as to be heard by the King: "Very fine! is it the portrait of your wife?"

After a journey through the United Kingdom, undertaken to study the organization of the Anglican Church, he was named Archbishop of Perugia, and Cardinal. His residence of thirty-two years in the beautiful city of Perugia, his wise, prudent, and charitable administration of the diocese, will never be forgotten. He was very strict and exacting in all questions concerning the seminary, and kept a vigilant eye on teachers and students. One morning the professor of literature, Geremia Brunetti, was prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from taking the chair

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at the appointed hour. On entering the school, twenty minutes later, he was astonished to find the cardinal archbishop explaining from his own chair an obscure passage in Cicero. The professor sat in confusion among his pupils until the lecture was over.

One of the leading officers in the government of the Holy See is that of Cardinal *Camerlengo*, who exercises the supreme power in the interval between the death of the Pope and the election of his successor. Cardinal Pecci was made Camerlengo on September 21, 1877, and four months later he had the ungrateful opportunity of exercising his power. From the hour of the death of Pius IX. till the meeting of the conclave, he showed so much energy and severity in the administration of the Vatican palace that all the officers, educated to the mild rule of Pius IX., were struck with awe, and expected hourly to lose their appointments. On February 18, 1878, the conclave—the first held since the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy—met in the Vatican. Of the sixty-four cardinals, composing at that time the electoral assembly, only three were absent—Cardinals Broussais de St. Marc and Cullen, both sick in bed, and Cardinal McCloskey, on his way to Rome. The hall of the conclave presented an imposing aspect. There were four green canopies for the four surviving princes of the church named under Gregory XVI., and sixty purple ones for those named under Pius IX. On the first ballot Joachim Pecci polled twenty-three votes; on the second, thirty-eight: however, a majority of two-thirds being required by the canons, a third ballot was taken and the Archbishop of Perugia was elected Pope by the almost unanimous consent of the electors. The green and purple canopies were at once removed, and the *nuntio vobis gaudium magnum* of Cardinal Caterini proclaimed to the world that the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter in the bishopric of Rome, Leo XIII., had taken possession of the government of the church. The first benediction given by him to the multitudes assembled in the largest temple of Christendom was a marvellous sight, never to be forgotten by the living generation. On his retiring for rest to his apartment he wrote the following letter to his family :*

"My Dear Brethren:

"This morning the Sacred College has elected my humble and unworthy

* Charles, John Baptist, and Joseph, now all deceased.

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person to the chair of St. Peter. My first letter is addressed to you, dear brethren, and to my family, upon which I implore the blessings of heaven Do pray earnestly and constantly for me."

From the very first acts of his administration he showed two leading qualities—clearness of ideas in every social and diplomatic question; moderation and tact in discharging his duties. Pius IX. had influenced and fascinated the masses; Leo XIII. turned his efforts towards the governments, and succeeded in winning their confidence and admiration. Take, for example, the case of Germany, whose leaders, at the time of Leo's election, were involved in the *Kulturkampf*, waging a fierce war against the Catholic clergy. Firmness, joined to a marvellous *savoir-faire*, very soon gave the victory to the Pope; and it was Bismarck himself, the iron chancellor, that suggested him as the arbitrator in the international difficulties between Germany and Spain.

Let us now turn our attention to the Pope's daily life and to other intimate details.

In summer, as in winter, Leo XIII. is awakened at six by his private servant, Francesco Centra, from Carpeneto. Centra knocks at the door, opens the blinds, addresses a customary salute to his master, and at once retires. The Pope gets up from bed unaided, and also performs his toilet unaided, except as regards shaving. This operation is performed by the faithful Centra. The bedroom is not the one used as such by his predecessors; it is a small and rather low cell in the *mezzanino* or *entre sol*, to which he repaired many years ago in the course of some restorations to the old room, and where he has remained ever since. At seven o'clock he says his mass, attended by two *cappellani segreti*, and hears a second mass celebrated by one of the same attendants, who act also as private secretaries. It happens sometimes that the Pope, having been troubled with sleeplessness, gets up with a piece of Latin or Italian poetry composed during the wakeful hours. The verses are generally dictated to one of the secretaries before the mass. The breakfast of the Pope consists of coffee, milk, and bread without butter. Soon after, the official reception begins. The first one, as a rule, is given to the Cardinal Secretary of State, who submits to the Holy Father the documents received the day before, or those which are awaiting the pontifical signature. This audience lasts more than an hour, and takes place every day except Tuesdays and Fridays, which are set apart for the reception of

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the diplomatic body. Cardinals, heads of congregations, generals of monastic orders, strangers of distinction, are received later in the day. It is to be regretted that Leo XIII. does not accord private audiences as often as his predecessors did. Many strangers are obliged to leave Rome without having been able to see the Holy Father. In winter, if the sun shines, the receptions are interrupted for a while for a walk or a drive of half an hour in the Vatican gardens. Leo XIII. dines at one o'clock in the old Roman style. The dinner is composed of a soup, generally *pâte d'Italie*, a roast, a vegetable, very often fried potatoes, and fruit. Pius IX. was very fond of boiled meat, which was served to him daily in a triple form,—boiled chicken, boiled beef, and boiled mutton. This plate is banished from Leo's table, as well as bacon and cheese. The only wine served is old Bordeaux.

The Pope is very apt to glance over the journals at meal times. He dines alone generally, waited upon, in addition to the valet, by his *scalco segreto*, or carver, Commendatore Giulio Sterbini. This official is a gentleman of refined tastes and artistic culture, owning a good collection of pre-Raphaelite pictures. An invitation to take coffee and milk after the Pope's mass is considered a great honor, and it is only extended to those who have heard the mass and received the holy communion from the Pope's hands. It has lately been granted to the ex-Grand Duchess of Tuscany and to the Princes Borghese, Aldobrandini, Altieri, and Ludovisi. The same favor is shown sometimes to the nephews of the Pope. In all cases the visitors sit at a small table placed next to the Pope's. After dinner Leo XIII. takes a short rest on a *chaise longue*, the siesta never lasting beyond the hour. Then follows a drive in the Belvedere gardens, through which an avenue more than a mile long has lately been opened, affording many lovely points of view over the city and its suburbs. The Holy Father, attended by a *camerière segreto* and an officer of the *Guardia Nobile*, stops very often in the enclosure of a vineyard planted six years ago under his supervision. This vineyard is cultivated by the pupils of an agricultural school formed by Pius IX., and accordingly named Vigna Pia. If he finds among the workers an intelligent lad he enters into a friendly talk with him. At six o'clock, after granting other audiences, he takes a cup of bouillon and a glass of Bordeaux.

Evenings are generally devoted to study and writing. The

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literary, or mental, work of the Pope is really prodigious. He prefers to dictate to his secretaries from notes which are prepared on a number of small scraps of paper. These scraps are afterwards torn into a thousand fragments, to prevent their being saved, given away, or sold as autographs. This sort of commerce, which under Pius IX. had assumed vast proportions, has been rendered impossible by the care Leo takes in destroying his own manuscripts. This is the reason why he never allows a soul to enter his room when he is not present, not even his faithful Centra. Papers of every description and importance lie scattered everywhere, even upon the bed.

When there is urgency in the work confided to one of the secretaries, the Pope confines him in a room adjoining his own library, supplies him with the proper writing materials, documents, and books, and goes away, putting in his pocket the key of the room. The prisoner, however, is not forgotten; after two or three hours he hears the key turning again in the lock and sees the good Pope come quietly in with a bottle of excellent wine and a few biscuits. After examining the state of the work, the august visitor says a few words to stimulate the activity of the writer, offers him the refreshments, and soon leaves again, taking with him his bottle and his biscuits.

The consciousness of his own immense strength in literary work makes the Pope sometimes too exacting with persons possessed of weaker fibre. He sent once for a monsignore and asked him to draw up a report on the Catholic schools in Rome, the number of their pupils, the nature of the instruction given, the progress attained, a comparison with the municipal schools, etc. His instructions ended with these words: "Will you kindly bring me the report this evening?"

Imagine the stupefaction of the monsignore, as there are in Rome 150 Catholic schools, frequented by 15,000 pupils.

Seeing his embarrassment, the Pope said: "Well, I ask perhaps too much. Bring the report to-morrow."

Sometimes it happens that the work, either from its political importance or its difficulty, must be done by the Pope himself. In this case he shuts himself up, forbids even knocking at his door, and gets so absorbed that sometimes he wipes his pen on the white sleeve of his immaculate robe. Knowing of this habit, the faithful Centra never fails to examine the sleeves on audience

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days, and always has ready a change of apparel, in case the spots are too apparent.

When the night work is over the Pope sends for Mgr. Martolino, to whom for years he has been greatly attached, and recites with him the rosary. Between half-past ten and eleven o'clock, before going to bed, he takes another cup of consommé, a bit of cold meat saved from the dinner, and the usual glass of Bordeaux. The regular hour for retiring is eleven o'clock. The Pope does not enjoy calm sleep, especially when he has overfatigued himself during the day or when there are sudden changes in the weather.

Leo XIII. is very reticent, even when he holds familiar receptions in the library or in the *Loggie* of Raphael. He is afraid, no doubt, that his words may be misconstrued or misrepresented, believing that "speech is of silver and silence of gold." In case of a lull, the silence is broken by a number of noisy little birds caged in the library itself; their singing and twittering being sometimes strong enough to annoy everybody and make the speaker lose the thread of his discourse, but on the Pope it has no effect whatever.

So many strange reports are circulated about the finances of the Vatican and the sums of money which the Pope has at his personal disposal that it seems wise to give a glance at the exact state of affairs, based on the last budget of the Holy See. I do not intend to give, and could not give if willing, an account of every franc and centime, the estimates below, in round figures, representing the average annual expense of the last few years:

	Lire.	Dollars.
1. At the personal disposal of the Pope	500,000	100,000
2. For the cardinals	700,000	140,000
3. For poor and needy bishoprics	460,000	92,000
4. Administration af apostolic palaces	1,800,000	360,000
5. Secretaries of state, diplomacy, etc	1,000,000	200,000
6. Employees	1,500,000	300,000
7. Schools and charitable institutions	1,200,000	240,000
Total	7,160,000	1,432,000

The half million lire ($100,000) at the disposal of the Pope is spent for his own household, table, linen, private servants, and other items of a personal character. The Pope is exceedingly frugal in his table expenses, which never exceed the sum of fifty dollars per month. It was quite different under Pius IX., not that he was more fond of the luxuries of the table, but on account of the unlimited freedom that he gave to the kitchen department. This state of things is illustrated by the following story:

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Cardinal Antonelli, in revising the accounts one day, found that twenty-five bales or big sacks of charcoal had been put down in the book as used in one month. He struck off fifteen from the list, informing the pontifical valet that ten would suffice. After a few days the Pope complained to his *grand échanson,* or cup-bearer, Count Filippani, that the *cuisine* was not up to the mark. Count Filippani went immediately to the kitchen to make inquiries. "How can I do honor to myself," was the chief cook's answer, "without the proper amount of fuel?" The reply had its effect. Informed of what had passed, the Pope immediately restored the twenty-five bales of charcoal, and said: "Don't make economies at the expense of my good fare. A sovereign is bound to be *exploité.*"

Another item in the personal budget is to be found in the presents offered from time to time to sovereigns and persons of high title and distinction; these presents often take the shape of a mosaic picture reproducing some famous original of the Vatican galleries; more seldom of a tapestry or *arazzo* from cartoons of eminent artists. There are establishments for mosaic and tapestry work in the palace itself. The manufactory of mosaics (*studio del mosaico*), located in the east wing of Bramante's quadrangle, is under the management of the Archbishop of Melitene, Mgr. de Nekere, and under the artistic guidance of Professors Francesco Grandi and Salvatore Nobili. The number of enamels of different colors and shades owned by the establishment amounts to ten thousand. Some idea of the difficulty of the process required to invest with durability these reproductions of masterpieces may be formed from the fact that many of the large pictures have taken from twelve to twenty years for their execution; that the smaller ones, from three to five feet square, require five or six years; and that the rough portraits of the popes, such as ornament the frieze of the Basilica of St. Paul outside-the-walls can seldom be completed in less than twelve months.

The manufactory of tapestries (*scuola degli arazzi*) is under the directorship of Professor Pietro Gentili, whose principal function is to keep in good order the magnificent collection of Raphael's tapestries, which is exhibited in the west wing of Bramante's quadrangle, in a corridor which divides the gallery of candelabras from that of geographical maps. The tapestries are divided into two series. The first, called *arazzi della scuola vecchia,*

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comprises ten specimens executed in Flanders by Bernhard van Orley from cartoons designed by Raphael himself and by his favorite pupil, Francesco Penni. Seven of these cartoons are preserved at Hampton Court palace near London, having been purchased in the Low Countries by Charles I. The second series, that of the *scuola nuova,* was executed at a later period from the designs of Giulio Romano. The keeping in order of these masterpieces is not a sinecure; the collection having had many narrow escapes, and having repeatedly sustained serious injuries. In 1527, when Rome was stormed by the ferocious hordes of the Constable de Bourbon, the tapestries were stolen from the apostolic palace; and when the Constable Anne de Montmorency restored them to the Vatican, in 1553, some valuable portions had been lost forever. A similar fate befell the collection in 1798: it was carried off by the French revolutionists and sold to a Jewish dealer at Genoa. This brute burned one of the tapestries for the sake of the gold and silver threads used in the bright-lights. The speculation having proved a failure, the Jew offered to return the tapestries to Pius VII. in 1808. They were doomed, however, to suffer from French hostile hands for the third time. In 1849, during the bombardment of the city by General Oudinot's artillery, two shells penetrated the gallery: one struck the bare wall; the other fell at the foot of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes."

Another item of expenditure is to be found in the bestowment of the insignia or decorations of the pontifical equestrian orders. These orders are five in number. The highest and oldest was instituted on August 14, 1318, by Denis, King of Portugal, and confirmed in 1320 by Pope John XXII. It is conferred only on royalty, or personages of high distinction; Prince Bismarck, having received it in recognition of his services to the cause of peace, after seeking the Pope's arbitration in Germany's dispute with Spain about the Caroline Islands. Then comes the order of the Holy Tomb (*Santo Sepolcro*), the institution of which is contemporary with that of the order of St. John of Jerusalem. It is conferred, on behalf of the Holy See, by the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. The third order was founded in September, 1831, by Gregory XVI., and named from St. Gregory the Great; the fourth by the same, in October, 1841, and named from St. Sylvester; the fifth and last by Pope

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Pius IX., in June, 1847, for members of different religious creeds. As a rule, when one of these last mentioned knighthoods is conferred, no insignia are sent with the papal *breve* (brief, letter) of nomination, but only a plate is inclosed containing the model, or *figurino*, of the uniform to be worn at state ceremonies or official and diplomatic receptions. Many American citizens have been knighted in this way by the Pope.

The second item of the budget as I have given it, amounting to 700,000 lire ($140,000), relates to the college of cardinals. This college is composed *de jure* of seventy members, but there are actually six vacancies, by which the *plenum* of cardinals is reduced to 64. They are divided into three classes or "orders"—cardinal-bishops, cardinal-priests, and cardinal-deacons. The first class is composed of six members, their bishoprics being all in the vicinity of Rome (suburban seats); the second, of forty-eight; the third, of ten. Of the sixty-four members of the sacred college, thirty-four are Italians, thirty foreigners. Among these last, five belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, namely, Edward Howard, Bishop of Frascati; Henry Edward Manning,* Archbishop of Westminster; Patrick Frank Moran, Archbishop of Sydney; Alexander Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec; James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The cardinals, as a rule, are very old men, only thirteen of them being under sixty. The oldest is Theodolph Mertel, born at Civita Vecchia in 1806; the youngest is Camillo di Rende, born at Naples in 1847. The annuity of 20,000 lire ($4,000) is paid not only to the cardinals *in curia*,—that is to say, to those residing in Rome,—but also to those on active duty abroad. The only cardinal who, not being a bishop in active service, was allowed to reside far away from the curia, was the late John Henry Newman, upon whom the privilege of living in Birmingham, notwithstanding his position in the sacred college, was bestowed by Leo XIII.

The annuity of $4,000 is very small indeed, if we consider the duties and burdens which the position of a prince of the church involves, and the necessity of living with imposing dignity.

The expenses for poor and needy dioceses ($92,000) are to be understood in this way: There are states in Europe in which, either by laws of parliament or by the will of the sovereign, Catholic bishops have been deprived of their endowment in real

*Deceased January 14, 1892.

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estate. These titulars receive a salary, like any other employee or official of the state, the amount of the salary being always three, five, or even ten times inferior to the former revenues of their episcopal see. The same course has been adopted in some countries as regards the property of seminaries, parishes, and other religious institutions. The sum of $92,000 is required, as an average, for these poor dioceses in Italy, Poland, Switzerland, etc.

The organization of the episcopate in the Catholic Church requires a few words of explanation. There are ten patriarchs, eight hundred and thirty-five resident, and three hundred and eight titular (*in partibus*) bishops and archbishops, and seven prelates having no see (*nullius*). The metropolitan sees of the United States are thirteen—Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Santa Fé, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Oregon City, and St. Paul. The suffragan sees are sixty-nine in number.

Under the head of "Prefecture of the Apostolic Palaces" comes the expense for keeping and improving the edifices belonging to the Holy See and caring for their invaluable collections of works of art. The Vatican palace alone, begun in the time of Charlemagne, and improved and enlarged by every Pope in succession, occupies a rectangular space 1,200 feet long and 800 wide. The number of its halls, chambers, and galleries, almost exceeds belief; it has eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, and *four thousand four hundred and twenty-two* rooms. Many of these apartments have been decorated and painted *à fresco* by such artists as Luca Signorelli, Sandro Botticelli, Perugino, Ghirlandaio, Fra Angelico, Michaelangelo, Raffaello, etc. The art collections which they contain are priceless. There is a museum of Latin and Greek inscriptions, numbering upwards of 3,000 specimens; a museum of statuary, numbering many thousand statues, groups, busts, bas-reliefs, urns, sarcophagi, etc.; a "Hall of the Animals," containing two hundred and fifty admirable figures of quadrupeds, reptiles, sea monsters, fantastic animals, etc.; a gallery of marble candelabra; an Etruscan, an Egyptian, and a Christian museum; a gallery of geographical maps; a gallery of tapestries; a pinacotheca, or gallery of pictures, which, although specially limited in its scope, is considered the finest in the world; a library containing 24,000 manuscripts and 200,000 printed books—archives in which the

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history of the world of the last five centuries can be studied in its most intimate and delicate details.

The present Pope, following the footsteps of his predecessors, Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., has shown great generosity in improving the collections of the Vatican palace. Thus the beautiful *galleria dei candelabri*, 300 feet long, has been decorated with frescoes by Frederic Seitz, and with a mosaic pavement; the museum of statuary has received, among other additions, the Apollo discovered in 1884 in the villa of Quintus Voconius Pollis, near Frascati, and the Semo Sanctus, discovered in 1882 near the Colonna gardens on the Quirinal. The collection of printed books, formerly inaccessible to students, has been rearranged in a new hall; an astronomical observatory for the photographic study of the skies has been built on the top of one of the towers of Leo IV.; and the perusal of the documents kept in the archives has been granted to the public.

Besides the Vatican palace and gardens, the Pope owns other costly residences and establishments, such as the Lateran, with its Christian and pagan museums; the *palazzo della cancellaria*, in which the offices of the various sacred congregations are located; the summer resort of Castel Gandolfo on the Alban Hills, etc. Leo XIII. has spent $1,200,000 in the Lateran alone for the enlargement and embellishment of the choir and of the cloisters.

The sum of $200,000 is placed at the disposition of the Secretary of State, Cardinal Mariano Rampolla, for the diplomatic service. The Holy See is represented abroad by four ambassadors (*nuncii*) residing, respectively, in Vienna, Paris, Madrid, and Lisbon; by two ministers plenipotentiary, residing in Munich and Brussels, besides other representatives in Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Brazil, Colombia, etc.

I shall close this short article on the Pope, his court and administration, by referring to one of the remarkable points of his character, his great love for poetry. In spite of old age, of many and telling cares and anxieties, and of broken health, his poetic vein, the freshness and vigor of his mind, seem to be inexhaustible. His mastery of the Latin classics enables him to write with the graceful ease of the great poets of the Renaissance. I have here on my desk a small *anthologia* of the latest productions of the pontifical muse. Among the leading literary societies of Rome, there is one called the *Arcadia*, of which Leo XIII., before

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his election as Pope, was an active member, under the pseudonym of Neander Heracleus. On the occasion of a solemn meeting, held on December 16, 1890, to celebrate the second centennial of the academy, the Pope sent his greetings in the form of two Latin epigrams. I beg to quote one of them *in extenso* for the perusal of young American students, reminding them that it is written by a poet nearly eighty-two years of age :

ad sodales Arcadicos
altero post collegium institutum
exeunte saeculo
Leo xiii p. m.
(Neander Heracleus.)

E vaticana vos, Arcades, arce Neander
Olim quem socium dulcis alebat amor
Pieridum, salvere iubet, iuga laeta Heliconis
Scandere, Mæoniis ludere carminibus.
Addit vota libens : in longum floreat ævum
Nominis Arcadici gloria, priscus honos.

Better still, for tenderness of feeling and elegance of expression, is a poem written by him in 1890, on the occasion of the death of his brother, Cardinal Joseph Pecci. The tone of the eulogy is delicate and refined, and faith in the blessings which await the just in the future life is firmly and affectionately expressed. The poem has the form of a dialogue between the Pope and his brother in heaven :

Joseph.—Justitiæ factum satis est : admissa piavi :
iam Cœli me templa tenent stellantia : sed tu
cum tot sustineas tam grandia munia, debes
tanto plura Deo, quanto maiora tulisti.
Sume animum ! fideus cymbam duc æquor in altum:
Sic tibi felices, largo sic fenore digni
sint initi sancta pro religione labores !
Altamen, ut valeas olim sublimia cœli,
Ultrices fugiens flammas, attingere, prudens
mortali, IOACHIM, vitæ dum vesceris aura
quidquid peccatum est, lacrimis delere memento.

To which the Pope answers :

Ioachim.—Dum vivam, fessoque regat dum spiritus artus,
Enitar genitu lacrimisque abstergere culpas.
At tu, qui Superum securus luce beatis
confectum ærumnis, devexa ætate labantem
erige, et usque memor de cœlo respice fratrem,
quem turbo heu ! dudum premit horridus, horrida dudum
fluctibus in mediis commota procella fatigat.

GIOVANNI AMADI.

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BUSINESS IN PRESIDENTIAL YEARS.

BY F. B. THURBER.

THERE is a general impression that "a Presidential year is a bad year for business," and, as with most general impressions, there is some foundation for it. Large enterprises depending, in a measure, upon the policy of the government, are held in waiting before new works are undertaken or those already under way extended; and the prominence given to "politics" by the press tends to distract attention from business and concentrate it upon public affairs.

Aside from this, however, the great business of demand and supply goes on without much change. People eat, and drink, and wear as much in a Presidential year as they do in other years, and there are other conditions which often have more real influence upon business than politics have, which are overlooked, or whose effect is attributed to a cause wholly different from the real one.

The present situation is an anomalous one in the business world. With an enormous harvest in this country and a deficient one abroad, a "boom year" was expected by most persons; but on the contrary the results, this year, have thus far been generally disappointing.

The supply of principal staples proved too great for the demand, and prices declined to a point where the greater crop yielded positively less to the producer than a smaller one with better prices would have done.

This was a great disappointment to producers, although of positive benefit to the consumers of these staples, and, in so far as the consumers are residents of this country, the benefits will gradually become apparent.

Low prices for cotton in the South, or for grain in the West,

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mean a better living for the people of the more thickly settled portions of our country, a larger purchasing power for our citizens, an increased demand for articles of comfort or of luxury.

High prices for these staples, with a smaller production, may mean as large a return, or even a larger return, to producers, but less comfort and prosperity to consumers.

Thus, one section of our country may be benefited by what is of no benefit to another; yet, as a whole, plenty benefits more than scarcity.

Railroads and other carriers are important factors in the general prosperity, and in years of plenty these have more business and are more prosperous than in lean years; this stimulates them to make extensions and to add to their facilities, which, in turn, lead to increased activities in many lines of business.

Sentiment has a powerful influence upon business, notwithstanding the proverb that "there is no sentiment in business." The silver question is an illustration of this. It is safe to say that an infinitely greater number of new business enterprises await the settlement of this question than any other upon which the Presidential election has a bearing. There is a feeling among investors—the men who furnish the money for large business enterprises—that they "want to go slow," until this question is out of the way.

This sentiment may not be well founded, and indeed the effect of free silver is probably overestimated, but the sentiment exists, and the men who are agitating for "free silver" are retarding business activities and preventing the investment of capital in this country, however just their contention may be.

It may be well, in passing, to remark upon the merits of the silver question, that, from the standpoint of a looker-on, it seems as if the silver men were trying to reverse the law of supply and demand. Power drills, stamp mills, and improved separating processes have largely increased the world's output of silver, at a time when public sentiment in some countries is working against silver as a currency and in favor of a less bulky and more convenient medium of exchange.

The production of gold has not increased so rapidly, and, in consequence, silver has depreciated, while gold has appreciated in value.

We have sought in this country to keep the two metals on a

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parity, by having the government buy up the surplus of silver; but this cannot go on forever.

The great forces which now control the world—steam, electricity, and machinery—are unifying the nations more closely than ever before, and "the field is the world" more truly in a business sense than at any previous period. A financial disturbance in one part of the world is instantaneously felt in the others, through the telegraphic nerve system of the business body.

The great steamers which ply backward and forward across the oceans with the regularity of ferryboats are like shuttles in the loom, weaving the nations together in bonds of common interest; the locomotive merges the fertile furrow of the prairie farm in the closing furrow of the sea. The tides and currents of population, set in motion by these great forces, ebb and flow with constantly increasing strength, and the question once asked in the hall of Congress "What have we to do with Europe?" is daily growing more absurd.

The silver question can only be settled by the principal nations agreeing upon a ratio at which silver shall be interchangeable with gold, and if the disparity between the amounts of these two metals produced and consumed continues, the new ratio may have to be again revised in a few years.

The effect of labor-saving machinery upon business is perhaps not sufficiently appreciated. So enormously have our manufacturing and producing facilities increased that our consuming power has not kept pace with them, and the result is more frequent periods of overstocked markets and of commercial depression than formerly.

The inventive faculty of Americans is simply wonderful, and millions of busy brains are all the time working upon problems in the line of increasing production and decreasing cost. No want is left unsupplied; indeed, wants are constantly suggested or created for the profit of the inventor.

Doubtless the protection extended to inventors by our patent laws, under which some enormous fortunes have been made, has had much to do with stimulating the activities of a naturally ingenious race; but no matter to what it is due, the fact remains that machinery is rapidly taking the place of human labor, necessitating a constant readjustment of occupations, and presenting a series of kaleidoscopic problems, both to the business men and the statesmen of the day.

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No sooner has the latest ocean-racer broken the record than a new one is launched to beat it. New processes and devices in every department of human activity make their appearance, have their day and make way for an improvement. Nails used to be slowly and laboriously hammered from pieces of iron; then came a machine which cut them from iron plates; now they are made from steel wire rods by a machine which cuts them the desired lengths, points them and heads them faster than a chicken can pick up corn.

It is not many years since the winter season meant a narrow range of diet for the masses, and a great lack of anti-scorbutic food, but the improvements made in preserving fruits and vegetables in tins have been such that these articles are now found upon the tables of all classes at all seasons.

Every industry creates new wants and new industries, an illustration of this being the manufacture of can-openers, which, under the great development of the canned-goods industry became a large business in itself; but now this is being pushed aside by self-opening devices for tin cans, which seem likely to entirely supplant the can-opener.

For a time it seemed as if we had reached an age when the organization of industry demanded that all work should be done in large factories with ponderous machinery driven by steam power, and the labor so divided that all individuality of labor was lost; but during the past few years distribution of power has been made possible by electricity and also by compressed air, and close observers are looking forward to a period in the near future when the power of every waterfall, and even that of the tides, will be utilized and transmitted, and divided, until every mechanic can have one or more horse-power in his own household—"horse-power" which it takes no room to stable and which eats nothing when not in use—and the smaller industries will again be diffused instead of being absorbed and grouped together, as has been the tendency during the last few decades.

Even now the waters of Niagara Falls are being harnessed by the construction of a tunnel costing millions of dollars, and within a twelvemonth it is expected that electric power will be vivifying the industries of the city of Buffalo at a cost below anything heretofore attainable, and, at the same time, yielding large returns to the capital engaged in furnishing the power.

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In such an age of evolution and change it is very hard to keep track of and judge correctly of cause and effect, and, in considering the influence of Presidential elections upon business, we are very apt to overlook many other conditions which either directly or indirectly contribute to results.

If we turn to statistics we do not find much comfort. The figures of the New York Clearing House probably furnish as good an idea of the state of business throughout the United States as any. All the business activities of the country are focalized here, and "Wall Street" is a barometer for trade and commerce, as well as finance.

Statistics show that in 1872, a Presidential year, the exchanges were three billions of dollars more than in 1871, and only a billion less than the succeeding year. In 1876, however, there were three billions less than in 1875, and one billion less than in 1877, but in 1880 there were thirteen billions more than in 1879, but eleven billions less than in 1881, when we had a "boom" year, owing to the good crops in this country and poor ones abroad.

Whatever incubus a Presidential election might have been upon business, that year it was borne like a feather upon the crest of a tidal wave.

The volume of exchanges steadily declined from 1881 until 1885, but in the Presidential year of 1884 the exchanges were nine billions more than in 1885, from which point there was a substantial recovery again during 1886 and 1887, but in 1888 they declined again four billions.

In 1889 they increased four billions, and in 1890 three billions, declining again in 1891 about three and one-half billions.

The exact figures are given in the following table:

AMOUNT OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE FROM 1870 TO 1891, INCLUSIVE. (PRESIDENTIAL YEARS IN HEAVY TYPE.)

Year ending October 1:	Exchanges for the Year. Dollars.	Year ending Oct. 1:	Exchanges for the Year. Dollars.
1870	27,894,579,495.75	1881	48.565,818 212.31
1871	29,330 986,682.21	1882	46.552,846,161.00
1872	**32,636,997,103.83**	1883	40,293.165.257.65
1873	33.972.773,942.97	**1884**	**34,092,0 7,338.00**
1874	20.859,63 .962.82	1885	25,250.791.440.00
1875	23.042,276,858.47	1886	33.374,682,216.00
1876	**19,874,815,360.61**	1887	34 873.848,786.00
1877	20.876,555,936.71	**1888**	**30,863,686,609.00**
1878	19.92',733,946.59	1889	34.796 465.528.87
1879	24,553,196 688.88	1890	37,660,686.571.76
1880	**37,182,128,621.09**	1891	34,053,698,770.04

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RAILROAD BUILDING.

The number of miles of railroads constructed has been considered an indication of business prosperity or otherwise, but an examination of statistics of railroad building in Presidential years furnishes so many exceptions to the idea that a Presidential election is a controlling, or even an important, factor that it tends to make a person sceptical.

The exact figures are given in the following table :

NUMBER OF MILES OF RAILROAD CONSTRUCTED IN THE UNITED STATES EACH YEAR FROM 1870 TO 1891, INCLUSIVE. (PRESIDENTIAL YEARS IN HEAVY TYPE.)

(From Poor's Railroad Manual.)

Year.	Miles.	Year.	Miles.	Year.	Miles.
1870	6,070	1878	2,629	1885	3,608
1871	7,379	1879	4,746	1886	9,000
1872	**5,878**	**1880**	**6,876**	1887	11,926
1873	4,097	1881	9,796	**1888**	**7,088**
1874	2,117	1882	11,568	1889	4,221
1875	1,711	1883	6,741	1890	7,343
1876	**2,712**	**1884**	**3,825**	1891	3,507
1877	2,280				

BUSINESS FAILURES.

The number of business failures as reported by Dun's and Bradstreet's mercantile agencies seem to be somewhat more favorable to the theory that a Presidential election has a depressing effect upon business, although the figures tell contradictory stories.

MERCANTILE FAILURES FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS. (PRESIDENTIAL YEARS IN HEAVY TYPE.)

Year.	Number of failures.	Year.	Number of failures.
1871	2,915	1882	6,738
1872	**4,069**	1883	9,184
1873	5,183	**1884**	**10,968**
1874	5,830	1885	10,637
1875	7,740	1886	9,834
1876	**9,092**	1887	9,634
1877	8,872	**1888**	**10,679**
1878	10,478	1889	10,882
1878	6,658	1890	10,907
1880	**4,735**	1891	12,273
1881	5,582		

The summing up of all these figures leads to the opinion expressed in the opening lines of this article, that while a Presidential election has some influence upon some kinds of business, there are other influences far more controlling in their nature.

A superficial observer might attribute the present failure to realize the boom which was expected from our great harvests of 1891, to the pending Presidential election ; but it seems probable that the silver question and the low prices obtained for our products have much more to do with it. Indeed, the question of *low prices* seems to be the most interesting one before us to-day.

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The silver men tell us that it is due to the demonetization of silver; that the work of measuring the values of the world has thus been thrown upon gold; that there is not enough gold to perform this work, and that the consequence is, that the yardstick of values has been lengthened and producers have to give more of their products to get a dollar (in gold) than when the nations generally used both gold and silver to measure their values.

There is undoubtedly some truth in this, but it cannot be remedied by the United States alone, and, as previously stated, there is a far more potent reason why prices are low.

The facilities of production and distribution have been so increased that the supply has outrun the demand (the capacity to consume) in nearly all the numerous articles which enter into human consumption.

Steam, electricity and machinery are the powers which now rule the world.

The exchanges of the world are principally made by credit, and credit is now *telegraphed* to the uttermost parts of the earth. Checks and notes and bills of exchange (evidences of credit) do most of the business of the world, and coin comes in as the foundation upon which the great structure is based.

While over-production in the products of the soil depends in great measure upon the seasons, yet machinery for cultivation and harvesting is a great factor, and for distribution it is all-controlling.

If a scarcity prevails in any part of the world the news is flashed to some region of plenty, and steam hurries supplies to where the want exists. Steam is our genie and electricity our slave of the ring. They not only tend to constantly lower values, but to bring them to a common level throughout the world.

Tariffs and trusts may here and there temporarily obstruct, but the great movement towards over-production and lower values goes on and will go on until the consumers' day of millennium arrives.

Never before has the consumer been able to buy so many comforts for a dollar as now. Never before has the average laborer been able to exchange a day's labor for so much as now, and this in the face of the great competition he sustains from machinery. He has learned to organize and to demand a larger share in the profits of production, and now machinery serves him, indirectly if not directly.

Only those manufacturers who possess a monopoly through

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patents, or by such an extensive combination as to enable them to control the supply for a time, can command good profits, and these only for a limited time.

Capital is so universal and plentiful that opportunities for its remunerative employment are eagerly sought. The price for its use, or, in other words, its margin of profit, is also steadily diminishing, and combinations often find that they have not succeeded in eliminating competition, but have only lifted it to a higher plane where it works more intensely, and that they have caused the duplication of machinery and manufacturing plants to an extent far beyond the ability of the market to absorb their product, with the result of again lowering prices to a point never before attained.

The average manufacturer who is not in any combination finds much the same state of things—too many goods, too small profits—hence, the constant tendency towards combination, in the hope of maintaining remunerative profits.

It is safe to say that, generally speaking, these hopes will not be realized. The forces opposed to them are too strong and too universal to be overcome. The tendency of prices can only be downward, and it will probably level up humanity, for as comfort increases, the human animal improves.

This is proven by the speedy evolution of the impoverished of all nations who come to our shores. Our educational, social and political system is doubtless entitled to some of the credit for this, but good living is essential to good thinking, and prosperity for the masses is essential to the greatness and prosperity of the nation.

All true Americans believe that it is the destiny of the United States to lead the nations in the march of progress under the influence of the great forces which are urging the world forward, and if while wealth accumulates men do not decay, nothing can be more certain.

We are fortunate in having in the pending Presidential election two good candidates. Both are experienced and honest, and the material interests of the country will be safe in the care of either. Each, in ability and patriotism, is above the average of his party, and appreciates that

> "Not he that breaks the dams,
> But he that through the channels of the State
> Convoys the people's wish, is great:
> His name is pure, his fame is free."

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It is probable that the campaign will be less heated and less acrimonious than usual, and when it is over it will be found that in this instance, at least, a full average year's business has been done, notwithstanding the Presidential election.

As to the differing policies of the two principal parties affecting business interests, they are not likely to differ as much in performance as they do in the promises of a political campaign.

The silver question will receive reasonable and conservative treatment at the hands of either candidate.

The Democratic party is too wise to break down existing industries that have developed under a protective tariff, although they may modify the tariff law when the protective principle has been carried to unreasonable extremes.

The Republicans, if they suceeed, will not again attempt the folly of the Force Bill.

The Democrat who denounces the policy of building up an American merchant marine, which supports itself in time of peace and furnishes a militia of the seas in time of war, is an enemy alike to his country and his party.

The spectacle of statesmen voting enormous sums for a navy that is non-self-supporting, and refusing comparatively petty amounts for mail service in American ships which perform a real service in carrying both our mails and our products, besides forming a naval militia, is too absurd to long exist.

Neither side dare go much farther in taxing the labor of the country for pensions which are already more lavish than the world has ever seen. There is reason in all things: and the people are becoming weary of the repeated demands upon them for pensions, organized by claim agents who care for nothing but their own exorbitant commissions.

The business men of the country should make their voices heard upon these main questions of policy, no matter which party wins, so that radical and unwise action from any source may be discouraged.

F. B. THURBER.

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A LAST WORD ON LONDON SOCIETY.

BY LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

If London society exhibits all the symptoms of an effete civilization, as Lady Jeune assures us that it does in the article which appeared in the May number of this Review, she at least has had the courage and audacity to cry woe against it. London cannot say it was left in ignorance of its doom.

"Luxury, ease, and comfort," cries Lady Jeune, "are undermining our society as surely and as certainly as they did that of ancient Rome." It must be supposed that in writing her jeremiad for the instruction and benefit of the American public, Lady Jeune has felt sternly compelled to wash her dirty linen before a younger and therefore purer society, and that she feels convinced that this modern type of "ancient Rome" can only be cleansed of its iniquity by the incursion of "a horde of barbarians," who will extirpate the worn-out and effeminate Londoners, and fill with fresh and vigorous life the sluggish and impure pulse of society. This is the most charitable construction it is possible to put on the attack Lady Jeune has made on the society life of her own countrymen, and the exposition of what she believes to be their vices, before the eyes of another world.

If she was desirous of crossing the sea there is nothing to complain of in the direction she has chosen, and if the criticism she invites is to come from any society, we would as soon have it from America as from elsewhere. The Americans' relationship to ourselves will make them careful how they "throw stones at those who live in glass houses." They know how many of their women they have sent to wallow in this sink of iniquity, and they will give anxious heed to the railing accusations brought against the society in which they now take so conspicuous a part;

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and, further, no country will be less inclined to be influenced in its judgment by mere cant and Pharisaical morality than the audience to which Lady Jeune appeals.

Lady Jeune in her painting uses a large canvas, her assertions are drawn in such bold and sweeping lines, her colors are so coarse, her subject is so glaringly unlike nature, and her execution is so masterly in its technique, that it is permissible to admire for a minute before turning to the duty of contradicting these assertions, toning down these colors, representing the subject as it really exists, and varnishing the whole with a thin coating of accuracy.

In one respect it will be impossible to follow Lady Jeune's example; that is, in her comments on the throne, and on "the acknowledged leader of society." It has always been held ungenerous to attack those who from their position are unable to defend, or answer for, themselves, and it is not according to any of the established rules of courtesy, let alone loyalty—a word somewhat rusted by disuse, but to be found in Webster's Dictionary—to discuss those who rule over us. The Queen has not "abdicated her position as head of society." The influence her presence exercises on it to-day is as great, though differing in kind, as it was in the days of her early court. It is true that the circumstances which have made "the crown a lonely splendor" have tended to the seclusion of the Queen, and, therefore, during the last thirty years her court has not often, or for any great length of time, been held in London. But Lady Jeune is mistaken if she thinks that the Queen has "abdicated her position as head of society" because it has pleased her to appear less frequently in its midst. Presentations at court are necessary for formal admittance into society, and everyone knows that the Queen superintends these presentations closely, so that those who are not fit persons to be presented at court can gain no social recognition. But beyond these laws which rule the etiquette of the sovereign's court, it is perfectly well known that the Queen is well informed of all that passes in society, and when a necessity arises her opinion on the matter is made known.

Those who believe nothing is effective if it is not done with noise and personal prominence, can form no conception of what an influence the sovereign has upon the lives of her subjects. For they know that whether she appears among them or not, she

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has a constant and unselfish thought for their social as well as political welfare. They have before them the long history of her reign, bright with the example of a consistent and revered life.

> "She wrought her people lasting good;
> Her court was pure; her life serene."

And they know there can be no "abdication," for the rule is rooted in the hearts and consciences of society.

Lady Jeune has had to experience the fate of a prophet without honor in her own country. No class of London society since the publication of her article has robed itself in sackcloth and bewailed its sins, or offered to avert the impending doom by amending its ways. "Impenitent peoples" the prophets have always found, but in one case a true prophet was comforted with the assurance that there were yet seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal. If it is of any comfort to Lady Jeune to know that a similar proportion of London society cannot honestly charge themselves or their "set" or "section," however "small" or "large," "smart" or "dull," with any ambitious attempt to copy the corruption of "ancient Rome;" who feel that such lurid types as are depicted in these pages are strangers to them; and who experience complete surprise in learning that the society in which they thought they moved with a good deal of innocent enjoyment to themselves and their surroundings is so full of corruption and of the worship of Mammon, then it is possible to administer that consolation. The truth is that Lady Jeune, like many reformers, has allowed her mind to dwell so exclusively on the blots and sores from which unfortunately no large society has ever been free that she has lost all sense of proportion, and has taken the life of a few individuals, as indicative of the tone of the whole mass of society.

"Money is the idol of the day," and to prove this assertion Lady Jeune describes the extravagant bids which are made by those, who, having no birthright to social position, struggle to gain a footing therein by means which perhaps do not tend greatly to the dignity of those who use them, but which it seems rather uncharitable to call wrong. It is perfectly true that people "who desire to know every one, and to go everywhere," accomplish this desire, at the cost of a good deal of personal exertion and self-advertisement. They do entertain at great cost and with great display,

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and their hospitality is enjoyed by people who, it is undoubtedly true, would have had no opportunity of knowing of the existence of their hosts had it not been for the wealth which has enabled those hosts to entertain "society." These gorgeous entertainments can only be given by the few, and they have introduced a deplorably elaborate scale of entertaining. But Lady Jeune in describing this ornate expenditure expressly says it is the characteristic of "the smartest people." Now "smartness" has nothing to do with good society. People in good society may, among other qualities, have whatever is implied in this word, but "smartness" alone, without those gifts of refinement and culture, which with good breeding are the heritage of good birth, ranks for nothing. Ease and intimacy are the distinguishing marks of this social life, and neither the wealth nor the rank of this circle is of importance, so long as they possess these gifts. Those who have merely wealth to offer can never be of it, and though the portal is open to all, only such as are fitted by their qualities become one with all that is best and most agreeable in its inner life.

Lady Jeune dates the "change" over the face of matters social from the time of the Reform Bill of 1832. That unfortunate measure has had to bear the burden of many sins laid at its door, but we learn for the first time from Lady Jeune that while society was purely political, it was freer from the moral corruptions of ancient Rome. Lady Jeune seems to fear that "the antagonistic elements" are at this time too bitter to be brought together.

It is to be hoped that party spirit may wax and grow, if its wane implies that "political society as such" is again to exist. The whole social fabric would fall to pieces were so severe a remedy to be applied to its diseases. It is but giving the Houses of Parliament their due to assert that if their members are not brought together by themselves within the "four walls," on which Lady Jeune discourses with such eloquence, it is more from a sense that dulness will reign supreme than that the blasts of political rancor will shatter the four walls which inclose them.

The young men and maidens do not escape Lady Jeune's severe censure. The *jeunesse dorée* prefers the supper room to dancing. A member of this class is represented as surveying rows of damsels, anxious to dance, and mothers equally anxious to see them so employed, with an eye-glass full of scorn, and he

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adds to the sins of eating too much, and dancing too little, the further iniquity of remaining a bachelor. He certainly had better "ca' canny," if the damsels from whom he is to choose a wife in the least degree resemble the people here described. They differ from their grandmothers. (In all ages, grandmothers have complained of this departure from precedent.) They read newspapers, and discuss novels and the last scandal. They drive alone in hansoms, and they ride in the park unattended by grooms. Lady Jeune hints darkly that this results in an expedition to Gretna Green. An American critic of London manners observed that it seemed to him that "the girls were employed in driving their grooms about in small carts." Critics and prophetesses are alike hard to please in these days! When Lady Jeune has asserted the young woman's preference for "leafy corners" in the ball room, and her love for getting into debt with her dressmaker, she has concluded her charge.

The changes in manners and decorous customs, during the last two centuries, are a study in themselves. Many articles might be written describing them. Within living memory it was inexpedient for a gentlewoman to walk in the streets of London, without the protection of a footman, and it was not "genteel" behavior to use any form of "hackney coach."

Friendships between the sexes were guarded and trammelled in a like manner, with a thousand restrictions. These have been "released," and Lady Jeune says the logical result of the change in manners is shown in "recent scandals." If there had been no scandals when these restraints were most stringently enforced there is no doubt the relaxations of restraint ought to be much regretted, and an effort should be made to reinstate them. But the evidence of contemporary memoirs and biographies tells a different tale. These protections and limitations were necessary, because society was less civilized and humane than it is at this day. To walk escorted in such a way would now only attract attention, instead of affording protection. The streets are safe to well-conducted people, because society has recognized the right of the weak to a chivalrous protection from the whole public. The change in the social life between the sexes is based on the same grounds. Undoubtedly it has its dangers; there were those who, whatever precautions were taken to insure their safety, managed to ruin their lives, and in these days there are those who make liberty a cloak for

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license. But it is not a decaying society which finds that for the most part greater reliance may be placed than was placed of old on the honor and chivalry of men, and believes that women can be trusted to care for their own honor, and can learn to make themselves independent, because their right to independence is respected.

Few people will agree with Lady Jeune's pessimistic view of the young girls of the present day. Their education is one fitted to make them capable both in mind and body. To assert that in "their lives there is no question of aught but pleasure" is singularly far from being the truth. To very few of them would the reproach of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" be applicable. There is no truer sign of the fruits of Christianity in our century than the efforts which are made by the younger generation to give some portion of "their good things" to the darkened and impoverished life of London, and to care for the people who live at the gates of their country homes. Some of the greatest owners of wealth in our country, and not always men of one nation and kindred, have made their vast country estates centres of wise and benevolent thought for the people.

If there is a "pleasure-loving" spirit abroad in the land, it is a spirit which endeavors to make the greater number enjoy some tastes from their fountains of delight. No one has been a more active pioneer in many forms of good works than Lady Jeune herself. Her name is known as the cheerer of the lives of the little ones of London, and she has had many opportunities of knowing how ready are the purses, and how generous has been the help of every kind, which has come to her aid in these good works, and the majority of girls in English society spend some hours a week in kindred efforts. Lady Jeune takes great exception to the unexclusive character of English society. She groans over its democratic tendencies. She thinks the evil serious, when wealth and *notoriety* gain people admission to society, and she adjures the "shades of Almack's to turn in their graves," and bids them know that their "children and grandchildren are associating on terms of intimacy and equality with a crowd whose sole recommendation is, that it panders and ministers to the most demoralizing influences of an age already bad enough." It is to be hoped that "the shades" are better employed, and if they are studying the question at all attentively, they probably have ar-

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rived at the conclusion that it is not worth while to turn in their graves over the doings of a "very small set."

Lady Jeune writes as if every social meeting represented Madame Tussaud's celebrities, including the Chamber of Horrors, and as if Mrs. Leo Hunter was the hostess in every house, and her drawing-rooms were haunted by the heroes and heroines of the last *cause célèbre,* surrounded by their legal assistants.

Lion hunting exists, and the Mrs. Leo Hunters feed the lions "till they roar," but it is absurd to say that lion-hunting encourages vice. The houses where these "variety entertainments" take place are rather to be avoided on the ground that in them with more certainty than anywhere else will be found all the distinguished bores. The most "pleasure loving" peoples have never been able wholly to eradicate this element from social life.

It has been impossible to treat seriously a description of our social life, written in a vein so intemperate and exaggerated, but there are two charges brought against society by Lady Jeune which, if proved, would indeed point to the decay of our whole national life. She makes the gravest accusations against the young married women, the mothers of the rising generation, and she does not hesitate to press home these charges in language as unbridled as the license and immorality of which she accuses them.

If it were true that "strong religious belief" is decaying, in any section of society, Lady Jeune would be justified in thinking the decline of morals as serious as she asserts it to be. But here again Lady Jeune is led away by the noisy few, and she is rendered incapable of appreciating the whole truth. If there are fewer restraints for those who sin against the moral law, there is also a greater liberty given to the fool to speak his thoughts on religious matters, and yet at no period of the Christian era has the sway of religion had more effect on the moral lives of the community.

The existence of a decay of religious faith is not to be judged by those who clamor against its doctrines and do not practise its faith. The standard-bearers of the cross are many, and they are to be found in every section and class. The Pharisee and the superficial observer may overlook such people, for their faith is shown forth in their works of love and charitable intercourse with their neighbors. They are in the world, but their un-

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spotted garments proclaim that they are not of the world, and while they give society the salt and savor of their presence, there need be no gloomy prognostications of society's decay.

One question must be asked after reading such a paper as that with which we are dealing. Do "these denunciations and militant mongerings of moral half-truths" tend to the purification of society? Does the society aimed at benefit by this casting of stones? Is the sewer cleansed by calling aloud that it is foul? The follies and vices of any community will always strike the eye, for they are "naked and unashamed," but its purification will be wrought out by individual example, and by individual effort to maintain the highest ideal.

FRANCES BALFOUR.

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TWO CONGRESSES CONTRASTED.

BY EX-SPEAKER REED.

WHENEVER an army is like the famous army of Xerxes, essentially barbaric, it matters not how far the ranks stretch across the field of vision, or how far off on the horizon's edge they pass glittering out of sight. They are useless alike for conquest or for slaughter. The numbers only emphasize the failure. They hasten its downfall, and serve only to astonish children in story books that so many could be conquered by so few. Wherever discipline or unity of purpose is lacking, numbers may be one of the elements of disaster. No army can fight the enemy if it must at the same time fight itself.

When the House of Representatives of the Fifty-second Congress met, it met as a mob, and has kept up that interesting form of organization ever since. Of course, the Republican leaders could have driven the enemy into compact shape, covered them with reproaches, forced them to train, and otherwise have made an army of them. Then there would have been much glory won by the said leaders among the unthinking, but the exhibition would have been lost to the world of Democracy, as it really is a hopeless assortment of discordant differences, as incapable of positive action as it is capable of infinite clamor.

As the American people are about to enter upon the great Presidential struggle of 1892, in which is involved not merely the Chief Magistrate of the country and his possible successor, not merely the Senate and House of Representatives, but all the legislation and the progress of the United States for at least four years, it may be well to see what has been the result of a Democratic House, powerful beyond any in our history, capable of overwhelming their opponents by the terrible vote of three to one. Surely such a House ought to have been an example of

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what an ideal Democratic House would be, for they had only to settle within the bosom of their own party what they would do, and their vast majority enabled them to act without the slightest heed to the small minority the people had seen fit to send to represent the principles which at the last Presidential election had been in pitched battle victorious over all. With such a majority we had a right to expect some display of those principles which enable a man to say "I am a Democrat," and still think himself decent. But if we did entertain such expectations they have all vanished, and in the heat of the summer sun we watch the perspiring Democratic patriot engaged in the only work his House of Representatives has ever undertaken, the work of trying to find a day of adjournment, which, when it comes, will again land him on the stump with principles to let suitable to each locality, and hampered by no deed done or policy established; the same old Democratic maverick never branded until the day of sale and not even then indelibly.

When the House met, we all naturally expected that the man who represented the latest phase of Democracy,—which is called "Tariff Reform" by the judicious and "Free Trade" by the courageous,—Mr. Mills, the Representative from Texas, then supposed to be the embodiment of Democracy, would be chosen to represent the party of which he had been the mouthpiece for years. But the tendency of Democracy towards chaos was irresistible. The determination of the leaders that the party should enter the next contest unencumbered by principles pushed Mr. Mills to the wall, and gave the place to Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, whose superiority over Mr. Mills in evenness of temper has not been so marked as we had all hoped.

The rest of the organization was made in furtherance of this plan of non-committalism. Mr. Springer was placed at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means instead of Mr. Mills, who, by all usage, was entitled to it, and to whom it could not have been refused unless the party had come to a determination to announce a change of policy from straightforward tariff reform, a remedy as broad as the alleged disease, to a piecemeal work which would declare no policy and leave the future to everybody's hopes. Mr. Springer was, under these circumstances, very appropriately placed at the head of the committee. While Mr. Springer has at all times formed and expressed a great variety of opinions on a

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great variety of subjects, he has never been by his friends or his enemies regarded as in the least degree bigoted. History has justfiied the confidence which the Democracy have in Mr. Springer. He has been a Democrat. The party can contemplate his work of this session with the calm certainty that there is no intellect so subtle, no mind so broad, no sympathy so delicate, as to detect therein the slightest trace of a principle of economic science or a system of revenue ; and the Democracy certainly do enter the next campaign unembarrassed by their immediate past, and with great power of being natural, that is, of being all things to all men.

All this is, undoubtedly, shrewd political management, but at the expense of all that is manly, open, and fair. Mr. Mills and Mr. Carlisle managed far otherwise. They laid before the people of the United States their example of tariff reform and manfully hung out their ensign, and did open and generous battle. If they were conquered, they at least knew that the people did their work with eyes open, knowing what they did. Tariff reform may mean all sorts of things. Under the leadership of Mills and Carlisle the Democracy proclaimed what they meant. The Democracy of this Congress, under Mr. Springer, have been trying in all ways to keep from the people what they mean, and propose to fight the next battle without any flag and from an ambuscade.

The Democracy in the House, with a force of three to one, have not only done nothing with the tariff, but they have done nothing with anything else ; not only have they done nothing, but at the very beginning they deliberately established a system of rules which made it a foregone conclusion that not only had the leaders abdicated, but they were determined that nobody else should reign. Given a wonderful power by the people, a power which might have enabled them to carry out any plan for the relief of what they called the down-trodden people, they deliberately put the veto into the hands of one-third, and in most cases into the hands of less, and relapsed into imbecility. Not one measure above the dignity of rye straw will mark the annals of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-second Congress. In history it will present all the dead level of a Dutch landscape with all its windmills, but without a trace of its beauty and fertility. The only picturesque object which will break the sky line will be Mr. Holman draped as a statue of Economy, standing on the railroad-crowned

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summit of the Lawrenceburg embankment trying in vain with a spy-glass to find any trace of the river the embankment was intended to confine. Indiana, however, and the appropriation will be in full view.

When this House met great hopes were entertained that strict economy would reign. The man whose reputation was the highest was placed at the head of the Committee on Appropriations, and the great duty of reducing to an honest level all the expenditures of the government was entered upon. Mr. Holman, the great high priest of the new dispensation, disappeared from mortal view for many days, and finally reappeared with a calm, stately, and beautiful self-denying resolution proclaiming the principles of honesty, just as though they had been newly discovered, and were, for the first time in the history of the world, to be put into practice. It was a solemn moment. Everybody felt that the high-water mark of human virtue had been reached, and, under the awe-inspiring impressions of that day, they were treated as scoffers who suggested that after high water came the ebb. I hate to tell the sequel; but, alas, the scoffers were right. Never since that hour have the Democracy looked so grand, gloomy, and peculiar as on that Pentecostal day when the Holman proclamation of economic virtue was administered to them, and they resolved how bad others had been, and how good they themselves would be. It is sad to be obliged to add that now, after the results have been reached, we find that the squandering Republicans appropriated 463 millions at the first session of the "Billion Congress," while the economic Democrats have appropriated over 500 millions at the first session of a Congress that certainly can never be called a "Nickel Congress." Would it be in the nature of insult to the fallen to propose to the Honorable Mr. Holman of Indiana a sum in the rule of three? If the expenditure of 463 millions made us of the Fifty-first Congress "rascals," what precise epithet would do justice to those who have appropriated 500 millions? It really begins to look as if this country was too big to be measured in some half-bushels.

There have been two reports of the Committee on Elections, one in favor of the Democrat and the other in favor of the Republican. The House indorsed and sustained its committee in unseating the Republican, while it rose above party, voted down

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its own partizan committee and kept in its place Democratic Mr. Rockwell, probably believing that the declaration "I am a Democrat" is in the United States, as it is in New York, a better certificate of election than the votes of the people.

On this action of the House, deliberately and for partisan purposes overruling the deliberate judgment of its own committee, and seating the Democrat without even a vestige of right, by sheer force of numbers, there has been no comment by Democratic newspapers and very little by our own. Had such an outrage been possible in a House Republican three to one, the air would have been burdened with outcries from March to the day of the election. Whenever the Democracy steal a seat in Congress or even a State nobody minds it. It is no use to talk about it. It is like saying a fish swims, or a horse runs, or a cat likes cream. It must be a tremendous rest to be a Democrat.

Contrast with this picture of a House overwhelmingly Democratic a picture, the truthfulness of which no man can dispute, of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-first Congress, and mark the surprising difference. When that House was adjourned, amid defeat and disaster, I ventured the assertion that the day would come when every man who belonged to the majority, and not a few of the minority, would be proud to have belonged to that goodly company. I confess that I thought of a very distant day after many years of fight and storm and stress. But two years only have elapsed. Not only have Democratic outcries ceased and Democratic clamor subsided, but the best men even of that party are looking forward to the reëstablishment of the rules of that House as the sound basis of business action in conformity with the Constitution of the United States. It would seem as if the time had come for a candid review of the years 1890 and 1891.

The first duty of any legislative body is to examine its own membership, to unseat those wrongfully present, and to seat those whom the people have chosen. This duty is of the very essence of free government. In the Fifty-first Congress the Committee on Elections, composed of men of irreproachable character on the one side as well as the other, made seventeen reports, of which nine were in favor of Republicans, seven in favor of Democrats, and one in favor of a Democrat who was chosen by the Farmers' Alliance. In the cases which were reached the House sustained the Committee and passed upon thirteen cases. Four

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cases, those of two Republicans and two Democrats, were not passed upon. These figures themselves, on the face of them, show a fairness and justice which the examination of each case in detail will entirely justify. The results of this committee's action can safely challenge comparison with that of any committee since the first Congress convened.

When the Congress met its plain duty after determining its membership was to legislate. Affairs had been approaching a crisis ever since the last Republican Congress adjourned in 1883; public business of the most urgent kind had so accumulated and so pressed upon the government that it absolutely had to be transacted. There were great public questions upon which there could no longer be refused a decision. A rapidly-growing surplus was not only disarranging our finances, but was inviting, with irresistible power, large and constantly increasing expenditures. In order to increase the leverage of this surplus the Democrats had refused to pay the honest debts of the country, and, although a majority of themselves were in favor of it, had refused to refund the direct tax paid by the loyal States and refused by the disloyal South. The tariff demanded revision; international copyright demanded adjustment; our merchant marine demanded encouragement; and the people demanded relief from over-taxation on items which, like sugar, could not be produced here in full supply, and on which all that was paid was a mere tax paid without any hope of that ulterior benefit which comes from the protection of an industry which can fully supply all wants.

The World's Fair had to be arranged for. Oklahoma needed to be made a Territory and placed under safe and salutary laws. Wyoming and Idaho were pressing to be admitted as States. A new Congressional Apportionment Act had to be passed. The land laws needed revising. The State Agricultural colleges needed to to be placed on a better basis. In the interest of our export trade meat and cattle inspection required immediate attention. The silver question, owing to the neglect of our financiers, and the strenuous exertions of the friends of free coinage, had assumed such an importance in the eyes of the people that it was no longer in the power of the Congress to refuse action. The decision of the Supreme Court as to the original-package question had so interfered with local self-government that the States had to be reclothed with power to control their affairs. Indian reservations

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needed to be opened. Indian debts and French spoliation claims, both shamefully neglected, needed to be paid, and the action of the Maritime Conference demanded ratification. The great questions of service and disability pensions could no longer be neglected, and had to be fully and satisfactorily discussed and treated. Measures had also to be taken to suppress the Louisiana Lottery—legislation which was called for against an institution established under the constitution of a Democratic State, but which spread its baleful influences over the whole Union, and had to be dealt with by Federal law.

There were many smaller matters important for each locality, and for that locality just as important as the great national questions to which I have referred. This accumulation of business had been the result of a series of Democratic Houses from 1883 to 1889. The business of eight years had to be done in two. The three Democratic Houses which preceded us were as inefficient as our successor. No sooner was the House called to order than it became clear to any man of sense that the first question was not what business should be done, but whether any business should be done at all.

The Democracy were very confident. For fifty years they and their kind had been building up against the will of the people barriers so complicated, so diverse, so numerous, and so closely interwoven with the prejudices and customs of many generations that the Citadel of Do Nothing seemed unapproachable from sea or shore. The veto power of the minority, enhanced at every opportunity by the decisions of Democratic Speakers, was something of which the nation had no conception, and such as was never tolerated in any other legislative body. Obstructions of the will of the people had even become the plaything of any angry hour.

Unless the House could be emancipated from the bad traditions of fifty years there was no hope of legislation, and all the fierce contests by which a Republican President had been elected and a Republican House had been installed would have been fought in vain. But fortunately for the country the House was strong enough to meet its duties, and, amid shouts and outcries which already seem strange and incomprehensible, broke down the barriers of custom and reëstablished the right of the majority to rule. This was its greatest achievement, for which it will have a name in history.

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Having thus assumed the reins of power, the majority became responsible for what was done. They became responsible for the Act of 1890 relating to the purchase of silver. Whether that act, isolated from all the circumstances of 1890, was absolutely wise is more than I know. That it then and there saved this country from the free coinage for which every Democratic leader was then clamoring, and on which they are now so silent, I do know. If time shall show that it ought to be repealed, that will in no wise militate against the wisdom of passing it in 1890. They became responsible for the refunding of the direct tax, a just measure, which, among other things, saved from bankruptcy the State of Kentucky, most, if not all, of whose Representatives voted against it.

They became responsible for that latest revision of the tariff, which is just now rising so high above the slanders which two years ago poured upon it as if the foundation of the great deep had been broken up. Free sugar, larger exports and larger imports are fully justifying the bill, and increased manufacturing results will soon add their quota to the returning prosperity of the country.

They became responsible also for the meat and cattle inspection, which took away from foreign nations their last excuse for refusing to receive our food products, and enabled our able Secretary of Agriculture and our foreign ministers to restore to us in some measure the markets of the world for such products.

They became responsible for the destruction of the Louisiana Lottery. They redeemed the honor of the United States by making provision to pay its honest debts. They opened up to actual settlement many million acres of productive lands, and gave a suitable form of government to vast areas of the territory of the United States.

They became responsible for pension laws which the Democratic House has not dared to assail, and which, however much they may be covertly complained of, were but the assurance of the nation that the soldiers of the war and their dependents might be forever sure that the bounty of the nation, which it was honorable for them to receive, should stand between them and that taint of dishonor which, whether justly or unjustly, has always attached itself to local and parochial charity.

But it is not necessary to again enumerate the acts passed

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by the Fifty-first Congress. The catalogue already given of duties pressing upon the Congress at its commencement is also a catalogue of duties done. The House of Representatives of the Fifty-first Congress met every responsibility without exception, and gave the judgment of the representatives of the people upon all the questions which the people put before them.

That all this work was accomplished at any time under most favorable circumstances would have been a great achievement, but that it was accomplished, and so well accomplished, under the fiercest opposition that ever existed in any legislative body, is a tribute alike to the soundness of the rules of the House and the unfaltering courage of its majority. After the lapse of only two years the fierce fire of reproach and clamor has all died away, and out of the mouths of its most strenuous opponents its praises are perfected.

The Supreme Court of the United States has followed the judgment of every other tribunal that ever passed upon the question, and pronounced with the same unanimity which characterized the others that a "present quorum" is the only quorum contemplated by the Constitution of the United States. No fatuous action of any majority, however large or however foolish, can ever again be shielded by any claim of the lack of power. The right of the majority to rule has been established as our fathers understood it, and can never again be abdicated. If autocratic power is again given to minorities, the majority cannot escape responsibility. It is true that the present House has refused its privileges, and shirked its duties, and led a gelatinous life, to the scorn of all vertebrate animals; nevertheless the example once set of a House of Representatives doing all the work put before it, and emerging in two short years from a deluge of reproach, with its actions justified by events and its method of action justified by the highest tribunal known to our law, can never be lost to the future of this country.

With the single exception of the tariff act, which is the subject of partisan attack, every act passed by the Fifty-first Congress has remained unassailed by even a Democratic House, and the long list of acts which though done in two years, were really the business of more than eight years, now stand, with a single exception, approved by the silence of an opposition which was wildly and rampantly vociferous when these acts were passed.

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Look over the list of legislative acts for 1890 and 1891. Compare them in intrinsic importance with those passed by any Congress of the century, and you will find no rival list except that enacted by the first Congress of the war, when considerations taking hold of the very existence of the nation had silenced opposition, and left patriotism unobstructed.

Our reputation, the reputation of the Fifty-first Congress, for wisdom has been vindicated by the permanence of our laws. Our reputation for the economical appropriation of the public funds in the interest of the people has been more than vindicated by the appropriation of 40 millions in addition to what we expended—an appropriation made by the very boasters who reviled us so triumphantly while they were putting on the harness. Mr. Holman now understands as never before the wisdom of that scripture, which says: "Let not him that putteth on the harness boast like him that putteth it off."

Surely the verdict of history, the only verdict worth having, is doubly delightful when it comes thus swiftly and to living men.

THOMAS B. REED.

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PARTY CONVENTIONS.

BY SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.

NOMINATIONS of candidates for President and Vice-President have been made, platforms have been formulated and prescribed to the people and to Congress, and nothing remains but for the four hundred and forty-four electors of the States to record as mere puppets the edict of the conventions. In casting their electoral votes in their respective States they must carry into effect this record prepared for them. If they should refuse to do so for any reason of their own, however just and important, it would be at the peril of infamy and even of suffering death by mob law. No crime, old or new, well known or newly discovered, perpetrated by the man whom they are required to vote for, would release the electors from the obligation imposed upon them by the national convention to which they hold a party allegiance. When this statement of facts and conditions, which is true and exact, is compared with the constitution of our country and with the duties and powers of the great office of elector, created by that instrument and existing in no other form of government, it is startling to contemplate the prostrate condition into which the whole system of constitutional elections of President and Vice-President has fallen. The politicians, in their eager hunt for power, have, as they think, utterly effaced those features of the constitution that were intended to maintain and preserve the sovereignty of the States in creating, by their separate and independent action, Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States.

These conventions virtually create electors for the several States, through agencies that are subordinate to their own power, over whose election, qualification, and returns they have usurped what is now unquestioned and final authority. The electors to

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be voted for in the States, under the national convention system, must be regularly chosen by the factions that are represented in the conventions by their recognized delegates. No man could be less independent, or more a slave to superior power, than an elector chosen by a political party to represent a State and, yet, to record the decrees of a national convention.

Concede, for argument's sake, that a national convention could be a safe place for selecting, instructing, and binding electors to do the will of their masters—the men who grind them out, like sausages, from their political machines—yet the question recurs, What have the Territories to do with selecting, instructing, and binding the electors to be "appointed" by "each State, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct"?

This arangement gotten up by the office-seekers, for their own advantage, under the pretence of widening the basis of representation in the national conventions in order to give greater freedom and breadth to the expression of the popular will, is a total perversion and a serious abuse of the rights of the States to appoint their own electors and to instruct them, if they need instructions, as to the persons for whom they should vote. The only feature of the Federal Government in which the States, acting as such and in virtue of their local sovereignty, are recognized as being entirely independent, is in respect of the appointment of electors to vote for President and Vice-President of the United States. No federal authority can directly control the States in this matter. Yet these national conventions, because they assume to speak the will of the people, indirectly control the appointment of electors as completely as if they were possessed of the sovereign power to rule the States.

The subject of the appointment of electors was twice carefully considered: First, in 1787, and again in 1804, when the XIIth amendment to the constitution was adopted. There was no haste in these counsels, or want of serious attention to this vital and peculiar feature of our government. When it was provided in the original constitution, and was left undisturbed in the XIIth amendment, that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of Electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or

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profit under the United States, shall be appointed an Elector," principles were then established that are inviolable.

If a national convention, composed largely of members of Congress, of persons holding offices of trust or profit under the United States, and of delegates from Territories, can ratify, in advance of election, or can refuse to ratify, and thereby defeat, the appointment of electors chosen by the States respectively, they can, by such conduct, select their tools and minions to exercise the powers of electors and abrogate the independence of the States.

It is not a sufficient answer to this sort of war upon State independence, that each State may still appoint its electors, independently of the decree of the convention. Such is not the truth of history, nor will it ever be while national conventions control the political action of the people in the States. The conventions meet in advance of the appointment of the electors and resolve upon the nominees for President and Vice-President and, literally, confine the power of the electors to the casting of their votes for the men who are thus supposed to receive a majority of the votes cast in their respective States or districts.

The combination of the entire political power of every State and Territory is centred upon the men named by the conventions respectively, and through the election of them ruin may come to the people of any State. They must endure the wrong and submit without a murmur, so omnipotent is this concentrated national power. The men holding offices of trust or profit under the United States, and the men affiliated with these politically and holding seats in Congress by the same party tenure, and those who are seeking such places alone through party fealty, are too numerous and too powerful for any State or even many States to withstand. Such States are given to understand that the dominant power in the conventions will be the dominant power in Congress, as the one great party or the other may triumph in the elections, and that their only safety, their only chance for equality of statehood and for fair treatment, is in submission to the will of the great national conventions.

Members of Congress and officeholders leave their seats and posts of duty and unite their great power with that of expectant people in other States and Territories who are inflamed

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by party zeal, or are hungering for the offices, and thus, through the decrees of the conventions, they endeavor to accomplish what they have not the power to do in their respective chambers, in fair debate and with responsible votes. This union of illegitimate forces is replete with mischief, malodorous with scandal, and violates that wise and careful provision of the constitution under which the day on which the electors shall give their votes is required to be the same throughout the United States.

There could be but one reason for this provision of the constitution (and it is historic), that the electors in each State should be so independent of all the others that there should be no opportunity for trades and combinations between them, or for the pressure of outside influence upon them. Our national conventions have so far obliterated this part of the constitution that selfish combinations have become the prevailing factors in all nominations for President and Vice-President. The electors are really "appointed" on the day that the nominations for President and Vice-President are made by the conventions. These candidates for President and Vice-President, if they have the popular strength, really appoint their electors, who have no discretion in respect of the votes they will cast. They must vote for the nominees. The convention nominees are thus invested with the power of absolute political dictation. The platforms on which they are made to pose by the conventions do not even bind them in conscience, and are neglected, or perverted, or glozed over, to suit the personal views of the candidate as to the best method of securing the suffrages of the people. In the destruction of the rightful power, dignity, and responsibility of the great office of Presidential elector, so essential to the liberties of the people, to the self-government of the States, and to the peace of the country when military dictators shall arise to claim the sceptre of power, we have sacrificed both the form and the substance of constitutional elections of President and Vice-President, and we only gain the opportunity of filling the offices of the country, from President to tide-waiter, under the decrees of one or the other of the great national conventions.

We also tolerate these conventions in their assumed authority of prescribing to Congress the measures of legislation which they choose to outline as the true expression of the popular will. This transfer of the legislative authority to these conventions would,

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possibly, ruin the country in a single campaign were it not that the party platforms are so loosely drawn up in order to entrap votes that the conscience of the legislators is left somewhat free in its construction of the commands of superior authority. If the platforms were sincere and were expressed in honest, plain terms, Congress would have nothing to do but to record in its statute books what the conventions have enacted. But the platforms are known to be worthless, except as the basis of campaign argument. The platforms are formulated with the sole purpose of getting the largest possible number of votes for the nominees—the offices being the beginning and the end, and the sole purpose of the manipulators of the national conventions.

The use of money, in vast sums, has become essential as an element of success in Presidential elections, just as coal is an essential in the propulsion of a steamer across the Atlantic. The conventions, therefore, carefully provide in advance for the financial necessities of a political campaign, by building up or sustaining the great interests chiefly embodied in great corporations, such as railroads, banks, and protected industries; and thus the politicians and the monopolists grasp each other's hands in silent and clandestine fellowship.

In the recent conventions the monopolists and the office-seekers and office-holders did not fail to agree upon their plans of action. Their platforms placed both Houses of Congress in a state of paralysis as to the leading measures of reform, both as to finance and taxation, from which it is confidently expected that they may not recover before the next conventions are to be held, and certainly not during the existence of this Congress. The votes of the Territories and of the office-holders and ex-office-holders settled these matters when they appointed the electors for the States by naming the men for whom they should vote, and by pretending to prescribe to Congress the enactment of the laws that they have promised to the people, in the event that the doings of the one convention or the other are ratified by them in November. The conventions swarmed with office-holders, ex-office-holders and office-seekers, and they have ruled the States, great and small, with a rod of iron.

The constitutional plan of appointing electors is better than the national convention plan. It is the only plan by which the smaller States can ever assert their equality with the larger States

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in the election of a President and Vice-President. Nearly every election under that plan may be decided by the equal votes of all the States in the House of Representatives. New York and Nevada would have equal power in the House, as they have equal suffrage in the Senate, and there would be no more of the domination of concentrated wealth and the more than feudal power of great corporations in Presidential elections. The direct representatives of the people, chosen in each district for their virtue and intelligence, without the pressure of a great and impending Presidential election, would be present in the House to care for the interests of the people, and to defend the right of every State to appoint its own electors for President and Vice-President in such manner as its legislature should prescribe. Such men, chosen under the constitution and laws, are safer guardians of the rights of the people and of the States than any convention we have ever had, and especially are they to be trusted with a firmer confidence than the turbulent assemblages of 1892, in which office-holders and ex-office-holders and delegates from Territories controlled in every movement and fixed every result. After all, no plan can be devised, while the constitution remains as it is, by which the Senate and the House of Representatives can be deprived of the power of counting the votes of electors, and we have seen in our history that the power to count is the final power to ascertain and declare who is elected, from which decision there is no appeal. In lodging this power in the Houses, our fathers were wise, even "above what is written."

Some day, not far removed, when the national conventions will have converted the whole system of Presidential elections into machinery for money-making and the capture of offices, the disgusted people will turn away from them and will again look, as our fathers did, upon the great office of elector as the salvation of the country. And, when the electors fail to elect a President or Vice-President, the States will come forward, as the second electoral body, through their representatives in the House, and, in their equal powers, they will exercise their highest duty towards the people and the government of the United States. If this could be done in 1892, the deliverance of the people from the power of self-seeking and ambitious schemers would signalize this as the most important epoch in American history.

Electors appointed by each State to represent its own interests

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and the welfare of its own people, without regard to conventions of office-holders, ex-office-holders, office-seekers and territorial delegates, or to their edicts, would present every great and material interest of every State to the just consideration of the country and secure for it a full and fair hearing in Congress and elsewhere. As it is, the smaller States are utterly disregarded and their demands are repelled with indifference, or scouted with insult and scorn.

Any two or three such States, by taking such action, would alarm the politicians into a decent regard for their rights, and would gain, by constitutional means, at least a respectful hearing in the national councils.

The States elect the President and Vice-President. Their laws control in every stage of the election and no officer of the United States can have any part in the election, or in ascertaining the result, except to preserve the evidence furnished by the States that an election has been held. Everything has been provided in the constitution to relieve the States, when electing a President and Vice-President, from outside pressure, and from interference by those holding office under the United States; even to making them ineligible as electors.

The pressure of a national convention, applied by men of great national power and noted political generalship,—ex-cabinet ministers and the like,—tends to repress the independence of the newer and weaker States, if it does not terrorize them into abject submission. When the influence of these arbitrary and very skillful strategists is reinforced by the votes of delegates from the Territories who can have no voice in a Presidential election, the nature of the interference becomes danger[illegible].

The promise of offices to these self-constituted electors who infest the conventions, in the event of success, is considered the more binding because it is implied rather than expressed. In every sense that is material these delegates, by their votes in the conventions, will cast for their party the electoral votes of the States in which they secure a majority of votes. Being made expressly ineligible as electors, by the constitution, they grossly violate its spirit and purpose by usurping all the functions, powers, and duties of the electors appointed by the States. They so dwarf and degrade the great office of elector as to leave none of its functions to be performed by those who are, nominally, ap-

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pointed by the States, except such as could be as well performed by a ten-year-old boy.

Then comes forth, naturally and as a logical consequence, the archfiend of bribery, and the whole country is alarmed and disgusted to find that the ballot is the mere merchandize of corruptionists and the wicked sport of gamblers. While the election is progressing, the amount of money spent in particular districts is considered the surest forecast of success, and the betting in political pool-rooms is bulletined, hourly, as the safest index to expected majorities. If this government can be preserved in the revulsion that the people will some day create to wipe out these iniquitous consequences of national nominating conventions, our country may be again congratulated on having escaped a more embarrassing danger than that which followed the great Civil War. If this is to be done, the States alone can accomplish it.

JOHN T. MORGAN.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE DEACONESS MOVEMENT.

WHETHER for success or failure, Deaconesses are established in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the month of May, 1888, at the General Conference of that body, held in New York, the subject of their admission was carefully discussed and was referred to the Committee on Missions, of which Bishop Thoburn was chairman.

Everywhere to-day there is a cry for help for the suffering, and to the credit of humanity, be it said, that cry is not unheeded. The question of how to help has been the question of the hour; surely there never was one more deserving of our careful attention. The "groaning" of creation continues, notwithstanding the preaching, and the practising more or less, of Gospel precepts. We have, most of us, a favorite remedy for the ills which surround us, yet surely it is better to assist each other in this work of need than to criticise coldly the fashion of doing it.

I shall first give the regulations made by authority in the M. E. Church for the carrying out of the work of the Deaconess, but, though I give them in a condensed form, I have been careful to give the substance fully.

The first regulation defines the duties of the Deaconess. She is to care for the poor, the sick, the orphan; she is to pray with the dying and to comfort the sorrowful, and she is to devote herself exclusively to these occupations.

The second clause is not less important. It provides for the absolute liberty of each Deaconess, who is free to resign her charge at any moment, and there is an explicit declaration that no vows shall be exacted from her.

The third regulation provides for the control of the Deaconess' work, which is governed by the Annual Conference and a board of nine members, three of whom shall be women.

Fourth. This board confers authority (license) on each Deaconess, but no one can receive a certificate who is under 25 years of age, or who has not passed two years in training.

Fifth. This rule provides that no one shall be licensed as a Deaconess except on the recommendation of the Quarterly Conference, and the continued approval of this conference is necessary for the continuance of the Deaconess in her work.

Sixth. This regulation provides for the direction of the work of the Deaconess; when a Deaconess is working for a pastor she is under the direction of the pastor, who arranges her work. When a Deaconess is working in a Deaconess Home, she is under the direction of the superintendent of the Home.

The character and the qualifications of a person who presents herself as

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a candidate for the office of Deaconess is made the subject of careful investigation by the members of the Quarterly Conference. "This body," says the Rev. Henry Wheeler, in his recent work, "Deaconesses Ancient and Modern," "consists of every officer of the local church, and is presided over by the presiding elder, who is a member of the bishop's cabinet or council. This body, following the analogy furnished by the licensing of local preachers, will inquire into the gifts, grace, and usefulness of such candidate, and the way will be rigidly barred against all who cannot furnish satisfactory evidence of a good, clear, religious experience and a pure moral life."

It would seem as if every precaution and safeguard had been adopted which wisdom could devise, and yet we have heard of difficulties in one of these institutions which show that human nature is very much what human nature always has been, but it has also proved that the women who are at the fore-front of this movement are more desirous of efficient than of numerous members.

Before entering further into the working plans as at present existing in Methodist Deaconess institutions, I may say a word of those which have been inaugurated in the Presbyterian Church. The existence of Deaconesses is also an established fact in the Presbyterian body, but, as might be expected from those who have in their midst the old Covenanter martyr spirit, they have determined to steer as clear as possible of any approach to the religious sisterhoods of Rome. The Presbyterian Deaconess wears no costume, and does not attempt community life. She lives in the world, and with her friends, and is in fact the counterpart of the Scripture reader of the English Evangelical Church, plus a dedication service. She resembles more closely the active Deaconess of the early church, of which Phebe of Cenchrea is the model and the traditional type. It will be a curious and an interesting study for the future religious humanitarian to watch the outcome of these different attempts to revive an ancient custom, which certainly has apostolic countenance.

The Methodist Deaconess has adopted a costume, not without much discussion and difference of opinion, even amongst those who are most intimately concerned. So much could be said for and against this arrangement that no doubt it was a question difficult to decide, but I could not help admiring the spirit of one of its most earnest advocates when she said: "All these arrangements may be changed at any time, and I for one will agree with the majority." It may be said that the wearing or not wearing of a certain dress matters very little, but forms are most certainly the expression of certain mental attitudes and opinion, and as such have an importance all their own. Those who had any experience of what were most appropriately called the "surplice riots" in England, some years since, would agree with our idea on this point.

The Methodist Deaconess also lives in community as a rule. Still, exceptional cases are provided for when the Deaconess, either alone or with a companion, may go anywhere to assist a pastor. But if I am rightly informed, even in this case she would live apart. I should say, however, that the Deaconess is not obliged to wear her distinctive dress when she visits her family or leaves the institution for her annual holiday. No doubt it is anticipated that the Deaconess will hold her office for life, for an especial provision is made for her comfort in sickness and for her home in later years, when she, too, will need all the care and loving attendance which she has given for so many long years to others.

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Obviously she is legislated for as one apart. Yet if her personal liberty of choice or change is jealously protected, if she is not made to feel, as in the case of the Roman Catholic sister, that she forfeits the esteem, if not the religious virtue, of her character if she retires from her work, all these regulations are greatly to her advantage.

There is a difference of opinion amongst the best authorities as to the identity of widows and Deaconesses in the early church, but there is no question that there were women who were set apart for the service of the church, and that this order of voluntary and free servitors was superseded, later and gradually, by cloistered sisters, who in later ages have almost given place to the active organs of the Roman Church. St. Chrysostom spoke of his friend Olympias as "the Deaconess, most worthy and beloved of God."

Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth, has the honor of being the first to revive the ancient order of Deaconesses, though, as early as 1575, some Protestant refugees from Holland established a Deaconess work at Wesel, in Germany, but the attempt ended in failure. In 1836 statutes were drawn up for the first German Deaconess Society, through the instrumentality of Pastor Fliedner, who went through the usual vicissitudes which are the inevitable trial of every successful work. His institution has flourished marvellously, though it met at first with all kinds of opposition; it was opposed by many Protestants, because they feared, not unnaturally, that it was a step Romewards; it needed the test of time to show how very far this was from being true. It was opposed bitterly by Roman Catholics, although in this country they have taken the inception of Deaconess work by Protestant churches as a compliment, saying that "imitation is the highest form of flattery." In Germany, however, it was very different. Romanists compared the work of Fliedner to that of the apostate Julian, who established Pagan institutions of a charitable character, to show that Christians had not a monopoly of good works. They prophesied his speedy downfall, a prophecy in which the prophet prophesied according to his desire, which was not fulfilled. So far was it from an unfavorable result, that in 1861, when the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pastor Fliedner's Deaconess Home was celebrated, there were twenty-seven Deaconess houses founded, and to day there are fifteen hundred houses, and the Deaconesses have numbered seven thousand one hundred, and thus has the little grain of mustard seed grown up into the great and magnificent tree of success. The work of these German Deaconesses embraces every form of charity and helpfulness to suffering humanity. They have established schools, colleges, orphanages, lunatic asylums, hospitals, homes for the aged, and a "House of Evening Rest" for the aged or infirm Deaconesses. It should be noted that the Deaconesses have the control of whatever property they may have, and are perfectly free as to their testamentary disposition of the same. Nor is there any system of so-called religious obedience. Nothing is required from the Deaconess except an observance of the regulations of the Home, such as would be necessary in any public institution.

In England the Mildmay Deaconess system founded by the Rev. W. Pennefather, a Protestant clergyman of the Low Church Episcopal school, has been a marvellous success, numbering its workers by hundreds. Indeed, the success of these institutions depends absolutely on the large and Christian spirit in which they are carried out.

In this country the German Deaconess Home has not been the success which was anticipated when the costly Mary Drexel Home was established

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in Philadelphia. As a general rule the erection of costly institutions does not promote the ends which are anticipated. Workers are far more needed than buildings, though of course for certain work special establishments are needed. I believe no one feels this lack of helpers more keenly than the superintendent of this institution.

The American Methodist Deaconesses have been more successful in the matter of numbers, but they also ask, Where are the helpers, for the fields are ripe for the harvest?

Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer is the first person who gave practical shape to the Methodist Deaconess work in this country. She and her husband were the principals of the Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions, and the Deaconess work just grew out of this. The students who were training for the foreign mission were sent out two afternoons in the week to visit the sick and the poor. It was then that the immense need for constant, devoted work amongst our poorer brethren was fully realized. The work was there; as Mrs. Meyer truly said in an address at Chautauqua, "We talk of our Pilgrim Fathers, but what are we doing for our pagan brothers?"

The third annual Conference of the Deaconesses of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at Chautauqua. The two previous conferences were held at Chicago and at Ocean Grove. If one may judge by the increase in three years the next Conference will show a very large addition to the numbers both of Deaconesses and of sympathizers. Already there are one hundred in the field, and representatives were present from every large town in the United States. Bishop Thoburn represented six Deaconesses' homes, well established in India. He invited the next Conference to meet in Calcutta, when the place of reunion was under consideration. With all the advances in modern science such a reunion may not be an impossibility in the near future.

M. F. CUSACK.

ART STUDENTS IN ITALY.

IN THE hope of being useful to those of my countrymen who purpose to establish themselves in Italy, either for the study or the practice of art, I offer, by way of suggestion, some views derived from a long residence in Italy in an official capacity, and from an intimate association with many of the most prominent American, foreign, and native painters and sculptors in Florence, Rome, Milan and Naples.

Italy has peculiar advantages for art-training generally, and especially for sculpture. In this regard Florence is second to no other city, not even Rome. The capital of Italy may excel in its galleries of antique sculpture and in the greater commerce of painters and amateurs from all parts of the world, but the student will find it much dearer in rents, labor, and the general cost of living, and it has besides the very serious drawback of insalubrity during several months of the year. Florence, on the contrary, is healthy in all seasons, far cheaper as a residence, and has the decided advantage of being near the celebrated quarries of Carrara and Ceravezza, which supply the finest statuary marble known. Indeed sculptors in America find it greatly to their interest to send their models to Italy to be put into marble or bronze on account of the large saving in the cost, as well as on account of the greater choice of material. The famous bronze foundry of the late Professor Papi

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belongs to Florence, and is, I believe, the only one in existence which possesses the secrets and the facilities for casting work of all sizes without joints, and which will not require repairs and chasings afterward. Florence, Rome and Milan have a numerous corps of skilful workmen in all branches of art, many of whom are competent to execute original work of high merit, although they are accustomed to labor for wages such as are given in America to the common mechanic or day laborer.

The advantage of having these well-instructed and capable workmen to execute from the model the conceptions of the legitimate artist is too obvious to be questioned. Although the practice is liable to misconception, in itself it is rightful, economical, and artistic, doubling the executive power of the artist himself, who can reserve his strength for invention, modeling, and finishing, the manual labor proper being left to the individual who makes this department of art his lifelong occupation. An abundance of this sort of highly trained labor of extraordinary cheapness, as compared with charges at other great centres of art, is to be found in Florence.

The history, scenery, associations, and ambitions of Florence are deeply imbued with the sentiments and feelings most suggestive and inciting to the American artist, and which he finds lamentably deficient at home. Consequently, viewing Florence as almost unique in the quality and means of its art training, I am disposed to highly recommend it as a residence for the student. This recommendation, however, must be qualified by stating that it applies to the matured artist or student, rather than to the mere pupil. As regards the elementary studies America now presents sufficient means of instruction, and either London, Paris, Antwerp, Munich, or Dusseldorf, in strictly academic resources and in variety of technical excellence, is superior to Florence or Rome. The youthful American artist should therefore defer going abroad until he has first laid a solid foundation of instruction in his own country, and sufficiently established his artistic constitution on the basis of his own nationality, so as not to become a mere copyist or imitator of other schools and styles. Then he can breathe to advantage the higher atmosphere of the great masters in art.

The student must be prepared for years of hard study and prolonged pecuniary strain. Although living and professional training and practice are cheap, as compared with America, yet it is not less true that the general standard of art excellence, owing to the enlivening presence of the greatest achievements of the past, is of the highest, whilst the concourse of eminent artists of all nationalities makes competition the closest and the prices the least, so that the chances of patronage are less than in America, or England, or France, or even Germany. In Italy the American has not only artists of his own nation as rivals, but those of all Europe; and, besides, art is judged on its own abstract merits. Though the artist may subsist on less money in Italy than in America, he may find it more difficult to earn a franc in the former country than a dollar in the latter. An Italian artist, as a common rule, is content to receive a franc when his American brother would expect fivefold the sum, and frequently for art of less merit in every way.

I should fail in doing my whole duty did I not also point out the noteworthy fact of the inventive faculty of the Italian artists and their facility in adapting themselves and their art to the current taste of American buyers. In this they show great ingenuity, and are able in a considerable degree to place the American artist domiciled in Italy at a great disadvantage.

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In two points, however, our American artists more than hold their own. These are in the execution of portrait-busts and statues and of the costly monuments in commemoration of the deeds and results of the late War of the Rebellion. Notwithstanding some of the egregious failures, judged by the strictest principles of art, which unfortunately are to be seen even in the Capital of our nation, our artists display such remarkable aptitude for portraiture of this kind and such constructive skill as to cause some regret that these works might not in general have been deferred until a few years more of instruction on the part of the artists and of growth in public taste—a conjunction that would have called forth better things.

The liberal commissions originating in patriotic feelings, awarded for monuments destined, perhaps, to endure as long as the Republic itself, serve to foster American art in all classes, and conduce to the education of the people in the direction of art. Irrespective of the question of price it is wise and proper that their execution should be intrusted to Americans themselves.

If our artists will thoroughly imbue themselves with American feelings and aspirations, the living ideas and aims of their country, before going abroad, they will be better prepared to appreciate all that Italy offers them, and will, moreover, have a stronger hold on their countrymen in the competition from the artists of all nations. It depends on themselves to rise to the level of their opportunity as conscientious and well trained artists, inspired by a passion for their profession, or to sink to the mere commercial phase, struggling for pecuniary success, reckless of the quality of their work, of the plagiarisms and other makeshifts for getting on rapidly.

With the aim of attaining technical mastery of color and the laws of composition it would be wise to study closely the old masters, as was always done by the great masters of the intermediate schools, like Velasquez, Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and their contemporaries, a practice which is almost entirely neglected by American painters, who are more ambitious to create art, as it were, anew, in their own work. So far as this tends to original invention it is praiseworthy, but it necessarily retards technical progress.

At the best, the genuine artist has to live long on hopes deferred, before he makes his way to the front; which, if not mistaken in himself, he is certain to do in time. But our American student should not forget that however favorable may be the verdict of partial friends in a country in which there exists no lofty standard of art or public appreciation of it, he makes his new venture in the old world, where knowledge is ripe and opinion most critical. It is a trying ordeal, and often one which, too self-confident on account of his previous career at home, the student is poorly prepared to meet.

With no class of artists is this more evident than with singers, especially young girls, who are obliged to face the pitiless criticisms, the malignant intrigues of the public theatres, under different conditions, as a preliminary step to their successful recognition.

Every year sends more of our country-women to Italy to prepare themselves for the stage, whose qualifications of voice and person, however flattered in America, by no means fit them for a successful career in that country, in which indeed their very sex, instead of being some protection, as in America, is quite the reverse. Their position in the meanwhile is aggravated by their ignorance or disregard of habits and opinions very

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foreign to those they have been accustomed to at home. From the outset they are liable to be victimized by being insidiously encouraged by interested persons to pursue, at a heavy expense for years, studies to fit them for the operatic stage, only at last, after paying an extravagant fee for a *début* trial, to utterly fail, either from absolute inability or through the plots of jealous rivals. They may then find themselves destitute in a foreign land, beset by temptations and poverty. Several sad cases of shipwrecked fortunes and character in this class having come to my own personal knowledge, it is my opinion that none, unless she possesses unquestionable talent and voice, and has sufficient means to render her entirely independent of the result, should make this venture in Italy. For every success there are many failures; at the same time, when the conditions are favorable, there is no country that has such great facilities for the training of an opera singer, and the beginning of a successful career.

It is true there have been examples of remarkable and praiseworthy success under most adverse circumstances, due entirely to the energy and ability displayed by the young ladies themselves. In thus plainly presenting the disadvantages and trials which all must more or less meet, I do not wish to discourage anyone from attempting a professional career in Italy, but only to state the adverse facts for the consideration of the persons most interested.

JOHN SCHUYLER CROSBY.

FARM ORGANIZATION.

THE farmer of to-day finds himself the subject of much discussion. By one class of writers it is argued that legislation is to blame for his pitiable condition; by another, that it is the result of his own laziness and improvidence. Let us look at this last charge. How many farmers are there who do not spend the most of the working days in hard toil? It seems to my observation, at least, that it is not more work and less leisure that is needed, but more intelligence, more time spent in the cultivation of the mind and in the study of right methods. We hear argued on every side that in the trades intelligent laborers accomplish more work with less expenditure of time and energy than ignorant, uninformed workmen. If this is true in manufactories, it is equally true in agriculture. The fact that a man resides in the country and gets his living by working in harmony with nature and nature's laws is not a just reason for shutting him out from the world of intellectual effort.

We would not think that the farmer of this country, in order to become successful in obtaining a comfortable living, to care for his own and add to the welfare of his country, must have his eyes forever fastened on his task and his thoughts directed to nothing beyond or above it. The man who has worked from sunrise to sunset five days in the week has a right to spend the sixth as he chooses. But if he be helped to the cultivation of intellect and taste, to the spirit of inquiry, and be put in the way of general culture, then indeed will his holidays—his few hours of rest—be well spent.

He has lately awakened to the fact that while labor in every other department is organized, while the combinations of capital are firm and invincible, he alone depends upon himself; and here lies his much extolled independence. He alone is at the mercy of all others, and to become able to compete in a fair field with his oppressor he must unite with those who are

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in the same situation. Already has the wisdom of the farmer's choice been seen in the unusual interest taken in his demands and opinions, in the efforts of political parties and others affected to either placate the organization of the farmers or to cry it down. We hear prophecies of the organization's inevitable shortness of life, and all sorts of statements as to its inability to cope with the questions and issues it proposes to handle. It is said that it does not embody a national idea,—that no organization that is not founded upon a national principle can live long; also, that it is in the interest of a class, and therefore bound to go down. The truth or falsity of all this must depend upon what we consider our nation to be. Is it not for the people, and do we not claim equal rights for all, special privileges to none?

Look at our body of laws to-day. What are the farmer's rights and privileges? He has the right to sell his products at prices fixed for him in New York and Liverpool; the right to buy what he cannot produce at prices dictated to him by manufacturers and middlemen without limit; but no voice in either case in determining either price or profits. He pays one-half of the taxes, but a glance at our national Congress shows that he has small influence in making the laws.

Not a few of those who write upon the subject would have us think that politics is not his province; that the farmer's place is on the farm, his work the tilling of the soil, and that to the intellectual and monied class belongs the ability and therefore the right to construct the laws and "take care of the country." Too long have the farmers by their conduct, if not in reality, consented to this state of things; but those good days of propriety are gone. The farmer of to-day insists upon meddling with politics, and even demands that those who legislate shall recognize his existence and the agricultural interests of the country. These interests have to some extent been recognized and these demands partially considered. That this is true is either directly or indirectly due to the farmer's agitation. In even so short a time have good results to the farmer followed the work of the organization.

Not only in financial and political affairs will he derive benefit from the association, but in intellectual as well as in social life will good results surely follow. He has been aroused and brought to think, to realize his position and attempt to find means to better it. He sees the politician controlling legislation for the benefit of capitalists, trusts, and combines, favoring the few at the expense of the many and particularly at the expense of the farmer. He finds that upon the owners of real estate falls the great burden of the taxes of the country; that the railroad monopolies by their high shipping rates make it impossible for him to realize a fair profit on his products; in short, that he is oppressed by every organization of capital and by all political schemes. He intends to meet organization with organization.

With strengthened interests in legislation comes a desire for better information, a more intimate acquaintance with political economy and the principles of good government, the wish to be able to meet the lawyer on his own ground,—in truth, to be better informed than he, for, to begin with, the farmer has that experience and knowledge which the city man can not acquire. In this distinctive fact lies the trouble. The men who legislate know nothing of or care nothing for the needs of the farmer. All he means to them is a vote more or a vote less. He is congratulated when prices are high and argued with when they are low. Those men who have for their sole object increase of profits and those who favor class legislation are withdrawing from the

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organization, which leaves the permanent element that is striving to better the condition and raise the plane of the farmer's life. With these aims in view the farmers have arranged a course of study in farming economics and general subjects on the Chautauqua plan, hoping to become better acquainted with their own needs and the needs of their country.

Once started on the road of study we find that the outlook broadens and includes that all-round culture more easily obtained in the city than in the country, but just as valuable to the farmer's family as to their more favorably situated cousins. The isolation which has perhaps been the greatest hindrance to the farmer's growth is in a measure overcome. In their study of social and political topics in the local organization the members have the advantage which comes from numbers, the wider range of thought, the more varied experience.

The conventions also have their educational value, bringing together, as they do, men of varying grades of ability from different sections of the country, with different casts of thought and inherited tendencies, giving them the opportunity to discuss the questions of especial value to themselves from different points of view as well as in the light of their common interest. The capable men are recognized and intrusted with offices and duties, and the less fortunate are stimulated to effort.

Already we see the beneficial effects of this uprising in the animated interest taken by the press and the people in subjects formerly unheeded. The people of the cities are being made to see the wrongs and injustice suffered by the class upon whom they are dependent for wealth, prosperity, and even the very necessities of life. They are beginning to feel that a change must come in the management of the interests of the tillers of the soil, or farming will sink to so low a state as to be engaged in only by foreigners and the lowest class of the country, falling sooner or later to the condition of serfdom.

If we take a glance at the history of the great reforms we see that they have originated with the oppressed,—have emanated from below upward. Where have we in history an example of the class benefited by the then-existing state of things adopting broader views and more equitable measures? It is only when resistance becomes so strong as to threaten their interests that we find them listening to the appeals of the common people.

The permanence of the Alliance, the effect of this reform, must depend upon its ability to accomplish its two-fold purpose: First, to arouse a public interest in the condition of the farmer, and secure for him political recognition and financial fairness; second, to develop the farmer himself and incite him to intellectual exertion and efforts in the way of social culture, to lead him to a higher, broader, more beautiful life. We shall find that the results depend not so much upon legislation as upon enlightenment.

NEWTON L. BUNNELL.

A TIME TO BE OUT OF DOORS.

I WONDER what most people think "out doors" was intended for any way? To be avoided, one would think, judging by the way they appear to shun it on every possible occasion. The business man comes down to his hurried breakfast, takes his carriage at the door or his street car or railway

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car as near the door as he can possibly get it, hurries into his stuffy, half-lighted office, dashes out for thirty minutes at lunch time, packs himself into another air-tight receptacle for his homeward ride, eats his dinner, and sits and smokes in his parlor, or goes to a theatre and remains till a late hour in air which has forgotten the feeling of sunshine, and whose very touch would make the leaves of the forest shudder and droop. Is it any wonder that at thirty he is a prey to dyspepsia, and that neuralgia "marks him for her own," and silvers his hair even before his prime?

The business man's wife on the other hand is far too busily occupied with the household cares to think of stepping out of doors, even for a few minutes, until the middle of the afternoon, when, dressed, too often literally "within an inch of her life," in garments which render vigorous walking, or even breathing, utterly incompatible with comfort, she sallies forth per carriage or car to "make a few calls" or do some shopping, during either of which missions her main object seems to be to avoid the open air as much as possible; while her evenings are spent under her own roof in half-ventilated apartments, or in the overheated second-hand atmosphere of some drawing-room or theatre.

Their poor children, just in the very "cabbage-leaf" stage of their development, when every molecular change that takes place in their little bodies requires the assistance of fresh air and sunlight, are condemned to pass seven-eighths of their waking hours cooped up in schoolrooms or nurseries. They mustn't play in the streets, for fear of getting run over or having their morals corrupted by bad boys; their back-yards are so sooty and sunless that they scarcely care to spend any time in them, even if not forbidden to do so for fear of the disastrous effects upon white pinafores and clean frocks; so that the only out-door life the poor little things enjoy is a prim daily promenade with the nursemaid, or a short run in immaculate public or private parks where they may indeed be considered "of more value than many sparrows," but of vastly less importance than the geraniums and the grass, and they are compelled to conduct themselves accordingly.

As for the children of the poor, their only playground is the gutter, and their only view of God's sunlight is through its reeking vapors, as a petition to Mayor Hewitt, of New York, impressed upon us with startling distinctness in its terribly significant statement that from the Battery to Tenth Street, comprising a population of hundreds of thousands, not a single park or public space is to be found where the children can play without danger of arrest by "one of the finest." Is it anything to be surprised at that this class of children are so sadly apt to grow up stunted and warped, morally and intellectually as well as physically? But it is unnecessary to multiply instances; the facts are all around us, even down to our small country towns. The merchant, the lawyer, the business man, all live as if their cardinal principle were to keep indoors just as large a proportion of their time as they possibly could.

How different all this is from what the Creator intended, and from what Nature demands if we will only listen to her. Did it ever strike you that, with all our self-conceit, we are physically only a higher order of vegetable, after all, and dependent upon the very same conditions for health and growth? The human flowers need just as much sunlight as any geranium or nasturtium, and we pine just as certainly if we don't get it; and yet in how many of our living-rooms will flowers flourish? Scarcely in one in ten, and then only in the windows which we generally relinquish to them to take a

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back seat ourselves. With all my love for flowers I declare I can hardly regard them as better than vampires or cannibals when I see them crowding into the only sunny windows, greedily monopolizing all the fresh air and sunlight in the room while the human plants struggle along in the shade; or basking all day long in the sunlight in crystal-roofed and crystal-sided apartments, while the dear little human flowerets are cooped up in some brick-walled room upstairs, which at the best may have a few panes of glass looking to the south. Keep our flowers where we keep our children, and any florist can foretell the result. If we would just let our little ones occupy the bay-windows and conservatories, and keep our flowers back by the walls, we might not have as many bouquets, but we certainly would have healthier, rosier children, happier homes, and fewer "mysterious dispensations of Providence" to murmur at. Much might be done by abolishing those abominations, blinds, shutters, and closed windows, and giving the fresh air and sunlight of heaven free access to all our rooms,—but then the carpets and the furniture: "The sun will ruin them," says Mrs. Housekeeper. Well, for pity's sake, madam, if you must choose between colorless children and faded carpets, let the Brussels be sacrificed

But this, after all, is only a mitigation of the severities of their imprisonment. We must learn more confidence in Nature, and trust ourselves and our little ones freely to her rough but kind embrace, without the enervating and often injurious protection of walls and roof. We must remember that houses are not to live in, but only to shelter in when from any cause we are shut out of our grand native mansion, the open air.

In this open air our life should be spent, and we are only justified in leaving it for shelter from the inclemencies of the weather or for protection against enemies. Nature demands an apology and a valid excuse for every hour spent indoors. I sometimes think we are making a mistake in building our houses so large and commodious and attractive, gilding the cage so gaudily that we almost make our little human birds prefer captivity to freedom. Houses should be comfortable but not so luxurious as to make us forget their real use and prefer them to out-of-doors. It is astonishing what filthy, dark, unventilated holes healthy savages can use with impunity for eating and sleeping-places so long as they regard them in the true light, and LIVE in the open air.

That the unwillingness of our Indian wards to exchange their airy tepees for practically air-tight, stove-heated boxes of logs or boards, is based upon a deeper instinct than mere savage custom, is abundantly proved by the frightful mortality which almost invariably attends this so-called "civilizing" process."

Their plan of a fire on the floor and a mere hole in the roof for a chimney, which absolutely necessitated the door being left open in order to keep up a draught, was not without its advantages. Even a modern "smoky chimney" is not an unmitigated evil.

We Anglo-Saxons ought, of all races, to be the last to fail to appreciate the value of fresh air and sunlight, for our striking characteristic is and always has been a passionate devotion to open-air life and sports. Indeed this passion may be not unfairly regarded as the mainspring of that indomitable physical and intellectual vigor which has made us the great pioneers and colony-builders of the world. Even apart from the invigorating effects of open-air exercise, I think we hardly sufficiently appreciate the value of direct sunshine. All life, so far as we can understand it, consists in

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the conjuring up of the Great Sun-Spirit by those mighty wizards, chlorophyll and hæmoglobin, the emerald and crimson "life-essences" of the vegetable and animal worlds respectively. A distinguished scientist has aptly and beautifully defined it as "organized sunlight." Of course we can and must obtain much of this literally vital element at second-hand, by combustion from "black diamonds" and hickory logs, or by digestion, from bread and beefsteak, but no organism can really flourish without obtaining a certain portion of its supply direct. "Basking in the sun" is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the "blue glass" craze had a truth underlying it, and owed such success as it achieved to the proportion of sunlight which penetrated its colored medium.

The love of sunshine is naturally one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, sunny morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that "it's too fine a day to spend indoors," and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason. The wealth of the sunbeams is poured out lavishly all around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and shining, but not half so likely to bring us happiness, and often has strange, red spots upon it. Give nature a chance, and we shall find that there is more than a mere fanciful connection between natural sunlight and that "sunny" disposition, which, after all, is the true "philosopher's stone."

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